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A N E C D O T E S
O F
PAINTING in ENGLAND;

With some Account of the principal Artists;

And incidental NOTES on other ARTS;

Collected by the late

Mr. GEORGE VERTUE;

And now digested and published from his original MSS.

By Mr. HORACE WALPOLE.

To which is added

The HISTORY of
The MODERN TASTE in GARDENING.

*The Glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the Fir-Tree, the Pine-Tree,
and the Box together, to beautify the Place of my Sanctuary, and I
will make the Place of my Feet glorious.*

Isaiah, LX. 13.

VOLUME the FOURTH and last.

STRAWBERRY-HILL:

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W. Musgrave.



TO HIS GRACE
C H A R L E S,

Duke of Richmond, Lenox and Aubigny.

MY LORD,

IT is not to court protection to this work; it is not to celebrate your Grace's virtues and abilities, which want no panegyric; it is to indulge the sentiments of respect and esteem, that I take the liberty of prefixing your name to this volume, the former parts of these Anecdotes having been inscribed to a Lady, now dead, to whom I had great obligations. The publications of my press have been appropriated to Gratitude and Friendship, not to

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Flattery.

Flattery. Your Grace's singular Encouragement of Arts, a virtue inherited with others from your noble Father, intitle you to this Address; and allow me to say, my Lord, it is a proof of your Judgment and Taste, that in your countenance of talents there is but one instance of partiality---I mean, your Favour to,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

most faithful and obedient

humble Servant,

HORACE WALPOLE.

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THIS last volume has been long written, and even printed. The publication, though a debt to the purchasers of the preceding volumes, was delayed from motives of tenderness. The author, who could not resolve, like most biographers, to dispense universal panegyric, especially on many incompetent artists, was still unwilling to utter even gentle censures, which might wound the affections, or offend the prejudices of those related to the persons whom truth forbade him to commend beyond their merits. He hopes, that as his opinion is no standard, it will pass for mistaken judgment with such as shall be displeased with his criticisms. If his encomiums seem too lavish to others, the public will at least know that they are bestowed sincerely. He would not have hesitated to publish his remarks sooner, if he had not been averse to exaggeration.

The work is carried as far as the author intended to go, though he is sensible he could continue it with more satisfaction to himself, as the arts, at least those of painting and architecture, are emerging from the wretched state in which they lay at the accession of George the first. To architecture, taste and vigour were given by lord Burlington and Kent----They have successors worthy of the tone they gave; if, as refinement generally verges to extreme contrarieties, Kent's ponderosity does not degenerate into filligraine----But the mo-

dern Pantheon, uniting grandeur and lightness, simplicity and ornament, seems to have marked the medium, where taste must stop. The architect who shall endeavour to refine on Mr. Wyat, will perhaps give date to the age of embroidery. Virgil, Longinus and Vitruvius afford no rules, no examples, of scattering finery.

This delicate redundance of ornament growing into our architecture might perhaps be checked, if our artists would study the sublime dreams of Piranesi, who seems to have conceived visions of Rome beyond what it boasted even in the meridian of its splendor. Savage as Salvator Rosa, fierce as Michael Angelo, and exuberant as Rubens, he has imagined scenes that would startle geometry, and exhaust the Indies to realize. He piles palaces on bridges, and temples on palaces, and scales Heaven with mountains of edifices. Yet what taste in his boldness! what grandeur in his wildness! what labour and thought both in his rashness and details! Architecture, indeed, has in a manner two sexes; its masculine dignity can only exert its muscles in public works and at public expence: its softer beauties come better within the compass of private residence and enjoyment.

How painting has rekindled from its embers, the works of many living artists demonstrate. The prints after the works of sir Joshua Reynolds have spread his fame to Italy, where they have not at present a single painter that can pretend to rival an imagination so fertile, that the attitudes of his portraits are as * various as those of history.

In

* Sir J. Reynolds has been accused of plagiarism for having borrowed attitudes from ancient masters. Not only candour but criticism must deny the
force

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In what age were paternal despair and the horrors of death pronounced with more expressive accents than in his picture of count Ugolino? When was infantine loveliness, or embryo-passions, touched with sweeter truth than in his portraits of miss Price and the baby Jupiter? What frankness of nature in Mr. Gainborough's landscapes; which may entitle them to rank in the noblest collections! What genuine humour in Zaffanii's comic scenes; which do not, like the works of Dutch and Flemish painters, invite laughter to divert itself with the nastiest indelicacy of boors!

Such topics would please a pen that delights to do justice to its country----but the author has forbidden himself to treat of living professors. Posterity appreciates impartially the works of the dead. To posterity he leaves the continuation of these volumes; and recommends

force of the charge. When a single posture is imitated from an historic picture and applied to a portrait in a different dress and with new attributes, This is not plagiarism, but quotation: and a quotation from a great author, with a novel application of the sense, has always been allowed to be an instance of parts and taste; and may have more merit than the original. When the sons of Jacob imposed on their father by a false coat of Joseph, saying, "Know now whether This be thy son's coat or not," they only asked a deceitful question---but that interrogation became wit, when Richard 1st. on the pope reclaiming a bishop whom the king had taken prisoner in battle, sent him the prelate's coat of mail, and in the words of scripture asked his holiness, whether THAT was the coat of his son or not? Is not there humour and satire in sir Joshua's reducing Holbein's swaggering and colossal haughtiness of Henry 8th. to the boyish jollity of master Crewe?—One prophecy I will venture to make; sir Joshua is not a plagiarist, but will beget a thousand. The exuberance of his invention will be the grammar of future painters of portrait.

mends to the lovers of arts the industry of Mr. Vertue, who preserved notices of all his cotemporaries, as he had collected of past ages, and thence gave birth to this work. In that supplement will not be forgotten the wonderful progress in miniature of lady Lucan, who has arrived at copying the most exquisite works of Isaac and Peter Oliver, Hoskins and Cooper, with a genius that almost depreciates those masters, when we consider that they spent their lives in attaining perfection; and who, soaring above their modest timidity, has transferred the vigour of Raphael to her copies in water-colours. There will be recorded the living etchings of Mr. H. Bunbury, the second Hogarth, and first imitator who ever fully equalled his original; and who, like Hogarth, has more humour when he invents, than when he illustrates *----probably because genius can draw from the sources of nature with more spirit than from the ideas of another. Has any painter ever executed a scene, a character of Shakespear, that approached to the prototype so near as Shakespear himself attained to nature? Yet is there a pencil in a living hand as capable of pronouncing the passions as our unequalled poet; a pencil not only inspired by his insight into nature, but by the graces and taste of Grecian artists----but it is not fair to excite the curiosity of the public, when both the rank and bashful merit of the possessor, and a too rare exertion of superior talents, confine the proofs to a narrow circle. Whoever has seen the drawings, and basreliefs, designed and executed by lady Diana Beauclerc, is sensible that these imperfect encomiums are far short of the excellence of her works. Her portrait of the duchess of Devonshire, in several hands, confirms the truth of
part

* For instance, in his prints to *Tristram Shandy*.

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part of these assertions. The nymph-like simplicity of the figure is equal to what a Grecian statuary would have formed for a dryad or goddess of a river. Bartolozzi's print of her two daughters after the drawing of the same lady, is another specimen of her singular genius and taste. The gay and sportive innocence of the younger daughter, and the demure application of the elder, are as characteristically contrasted as Milton's Allegro and Penferoso.

Little is said here but historically of the art of gardening. Mr. Mason in his first beautiful canto on that subject has shown that Spenser and Addison ought not to have been omitted in the list of our authors who were not blind to the graces of natural taste. The public must wish with the author of this work, that Mr. Mason would compleat his poem, and leave this essay as unnecessary as it is imperfect.

The historic compositions offered for St. Paul's by some of our first artists seemed to disclose a vision of future improvement---a period the more to be wished, as the wound given to painting through the sides of the Romish religion menaces the arts as well as idolatry---unless the methodists, whose rigour seems to soften and adopt the artifices of the catholics, [for our itinerant mountebanks already are fond of being sainted in mezzotinto, as well as their St. Bridgets and Terefas] should borrow the paraphernalia of enthusiasm now waning in Italy, and superadd the witchery of painting to that of music. Whitfield's temples encircled with glory may convert rustics, who have never heard of his or Ignatius Loyola's peregrinations. If enthusiasm is to revive, and tabernacles to rise as convents are demolished, may we not hope at least to see them painted? Le Sueur's
c cloyster

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cloyster at Paris makes some little amends for the imprisonment of the Carthusians. The absurdity of the legend of the reviving canon is lost in the amazing art of the painter; and the last scene of St. Bruno expiring, in which are expressed all the stages of devotion from the youngest mind impressed with fear to the composed resignation of the prior, is perhaps inferior to no single picture of the greatest master. If Raphael died young, so did Le Sueur; the former had seen the antique, the latter only prints from Raphael: yet in the Chartreuse, what airs of heads! what harmony of colouring! what aerial perspective! How Grecian the simplicity of architecture and drapery! How diversified a single quadrangle, though the life of a hermit be the only subject, and devotion the only pathetic! In short, till we have other pictures than portraits, and painting has ampler fields to range in than private apartments, it is in vain to expect the art should recover its genuine lustre. Statuary has still less encouragement. Sepulchral decorations are almost disused; and though the rage for portraits is at its highest tide both in pictures and prints, busts and statues are never demanded. We seem to wish no longer duration to the monuments of our expence, than the inhabitants of Peru and Russia, where edifices are calculated to last but to the next earthquake or conflagration.

October 1, 1780.

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C O N T E N T S

P A R T I

1. The first part of the book is devoted to a general survey of the subject.

2. The second part of the book is devoted to a detailed examination of the various aspects of the subject.

3. The third part of the book is devoted to a critical analysis of the various theories and methods of the subject.

4. The fourth part of the book is devoted to a comparison of the various theories and methods of the subject.

5. The fifth part of the book is devoted to a summary of the various theories and methods of the subject.

P A R T II

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ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. I.

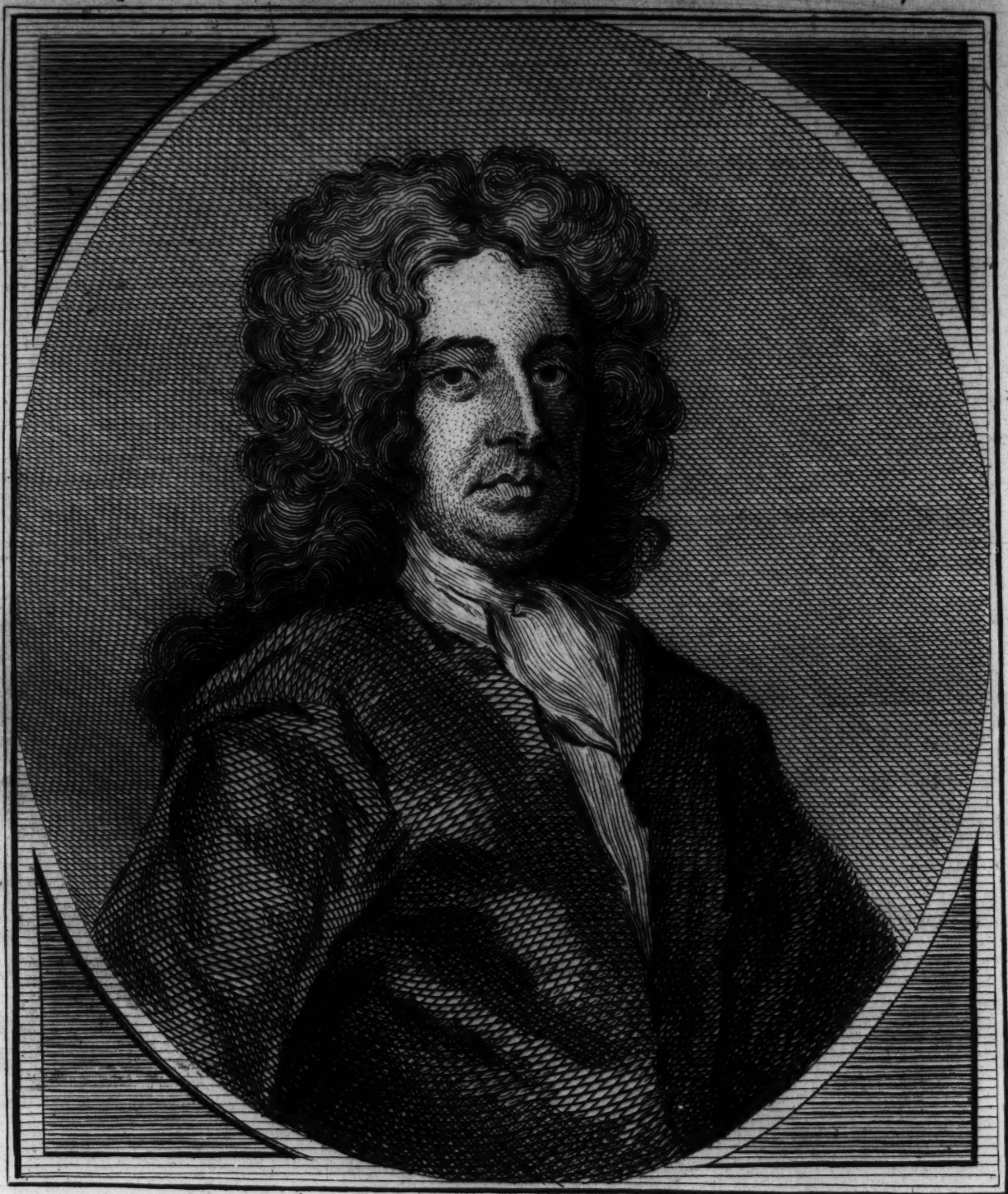
Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE I.

WE are now arrived at the period, in which the arts were sunk to the lowest ebb in Britain. From the stiffness introduced by Holbein and the Flemish masters, who not only laboured under the timidity of the new art, but who saw nothing but the starch and unpliant habits of the times, we were fallen into a loose, and, if I may use the word, a *dissolute* kind of painting, which was not less barbarous than the opposite extreme, and yet had not the merit of representing even the dresses of the age. Sir Godfrey Kneller still lived, but only in name, which he prostituted by suffering the most wretched daubings of hired substitutes to pass for his works, while at most he gave himself the trouble of taking the likeness of the person who sat to him. His bold and free manner was the sole admiration of his successors, who thought they had caught his style, when they neglected drawing, probability, and finishing. Kneller had exaggerated the curls of full-bottomed wigs and the tiaras of ribbands, lace and hair, till he had struck out a graceful kind of unnatural grandeur; but the succeeding modes were still less favourable to picturesque imagination. The habits of

the time were shrunk to awkward coats and waistcoats for the men; and for the women, to tight-laced gowns, round hoops, and half a dozen squeezed plaits of linen, to which dangled behind two unmeaning pendants, called lappets, not half covering their strait-drawn hair. Dahl, Dagar, Richardson, Jervas, and others, rebuffed with such barbarous forms, and not possessing genius enough to deviate from what they saw into graceful variations, cloathed all their personages with a loose drapery and airy mantles, which not only were not, but could not be the dress of any age or nation, so little were they adapted to cover the limbs, to exhibit any form, or to adhere to the person, which they scarce enveloped, and from which they must fall on the least motion. As those casual lappings and flowing streamers were imitated from nothing, they seldom have any folds or chiaro 'scuro; anatomy and colouring being equally forgotten. Linen, from what œconomy I know not, is seldom allowed in those portraits, even to the ladies, who lean carelessly on a bank, and play with a parrot they do not look at, under a tranquillity which ill accords with their seeming situation, the slightness of their vestment and the lankness of their hair having the appearance of their being just risen from the bath, and of having found none of their cloaths to put on, but a loose gown. Architecture was perverted to meer house-building, where it retained not a little of Vanbrugh; and if employed on churches, produced at best but corrupt and tawdry imitations of sir Christopher Wren. Statuary still less deserved the name of an art.

The new monarch was void of taste, and not likely at an advanced age to encourage the embellishment of a country, to which he had little partiality, and with the face of which he had few opportunities
of





Louis Laquerre.

A. Bannerman Sculp



C. Jervas



B. Lens

of getting acquainted; though had he been better known, he must have grown the delight of it, possessing all that plain good-humoured simplicity and social integrity, which peculiarly distinguishes *the honest English private gentleman*. Like those patriots, it was more natural to George the first to be content with, or even partial to whatever he found established, than to seek for improvement and foreign ornament. But the arts, when neglected, always degenerate. Encouragement must keep them up, or a genius revivify them. Neither happened under the first of the house of Brunswic. I shall be as brief as I can in my account of so ungrateful a period, for though the elder Dahl and Richardson and a very few more had merit in some particulars, I cannot help again advertising my readers, that no reign, since the arts have been in any esteem, produced fewer works, that will deserve the attention of posterity. As the reign too was of no long duration, most of the artists had lived under the predecessors of George the first, or flourished under his son, where several will be ranked with more propriety. Of the former class was

LOUIS LAGUERRE,

the assistant and imitator of Verrio, with whose name his will be preserved when their united labours shall be no more, both being immortalized by that unpropitious line of Pope,

Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre.

The same redundancy of history and fable is displayed in the works of both; and it is but justice to say that their performances were at least in as good a taste as the edifices they were appointed to adorn.

Laguerre's

Laguerre's father was a Catalan, who settled in France, and became master of the menagerie at Versailles. The son being born at Paris in 1663, Louis the fourteenth did him the honour of being his godfather, and gave him his own name. At first he was placed in the Jesuit's college, but having a hesitation in his speech, and discovering much inclination to drawing, the good fathers advised his parents to breed him to a profession that might be of use to himself, since he was not likely to prove serviceable to them. He however brought away learning enough to assist him afterwards in his allegoric and historic works. He then studied in the royal academy of painting, and for a short time under Le Brun. In 1683 he came to England with one Ricard, a painter of architecture, and both were employed by Verrio. Laguerre painted for him most part of the large picture in St. Bartholomew's hospital, and succeeding so well when little above twenty, he rose into much business, executing great numbers of cielings, halls and staircases, particularly at lord Exeter's at Burleigh, the staircase at old Devonshire-house in Piccadilly, the staircase and salon at Buckingham-house, the staircase at Petworth, many of the apartments at Burleigh on the hill where the walls are covered with his Cæsars, some things at Marlborough-house in St. James's park, and, which is his best work, the salon at Blenheim. King William gave him lodgings at Hampton-court, where he painted the labours of Hercules in chiaro scuro; and being appointed to repair those valuable pictures, the triumphs of Julius Cæsar by Andrea Montegna, he had the judgment to imitate the style of the original, instead of new cloathing them in vermilion and ultramarine; a fate that befel Raphael even from the pencil of Carlo Maratti.

Laguerre

Laguerre was at first chosen unanimously by the commissioners for rebuilding St. Paul's to decorate the inside of the cupola, but was set aside by the prevailing interest of Thornhill, a preference not ravished from him by superior merit. Sir Godfrey Kneller was more just to him *, though from pique to Thornhill, and employed him to paint the staircase of his house at Witton, where Laguerre distinguished himself beyond his common performances. On the union of England and Scotland he was ordered by queen Anne to make designs for a set of tapestry on that occasion, in which were to be introduced the portraits of her majesty and the principal ministers; but though he gave the drawings, the work went no farther. A few pictures he painted besides, and made designs for engravers. In 1711 he was a director of an academy of painting erected in London, and was likely to be chosen governor on the resignation of Kneller, but was again baffled by his competitor Thornhill. In truth he was, says Vertue, a modest unintriguing man, and as his father-in-law † John Tijou said, God had made him a painter, and there left him. The ever-grateful and humble Vertue commends him highly, and acknowledges instructions received from him; the source, I doubt, of some of his encomiums. At a tavern in Drury-lane, where was held a club of virtuosi, he painted in chiaro scuro round the room a Bacchanalian procession, and made them a present of his labour. Vertue thinks that sir James Thornhill was indebted to him for his knowledge of historic painting on ceilings, &c. and says he was

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imitated

* Vide life of Kneller in the preceding volume.

† A founder of iron balustrades.

imitated by * others, as one † Riario, Johnson, Brown, and several, whose names are perished as well as that gawdy style.

Laguerre towards his latter end grew dropfical and inactive, and going to see the *Island Princess* at Drury-lane, which was acted for the benefit of his son, then newly entered to sing on the stage, he was seized with a stroke of apoplexy, and dying before the play began, April 20, 1721, he was buried in the church-yard of St. Martin's in the Fields.

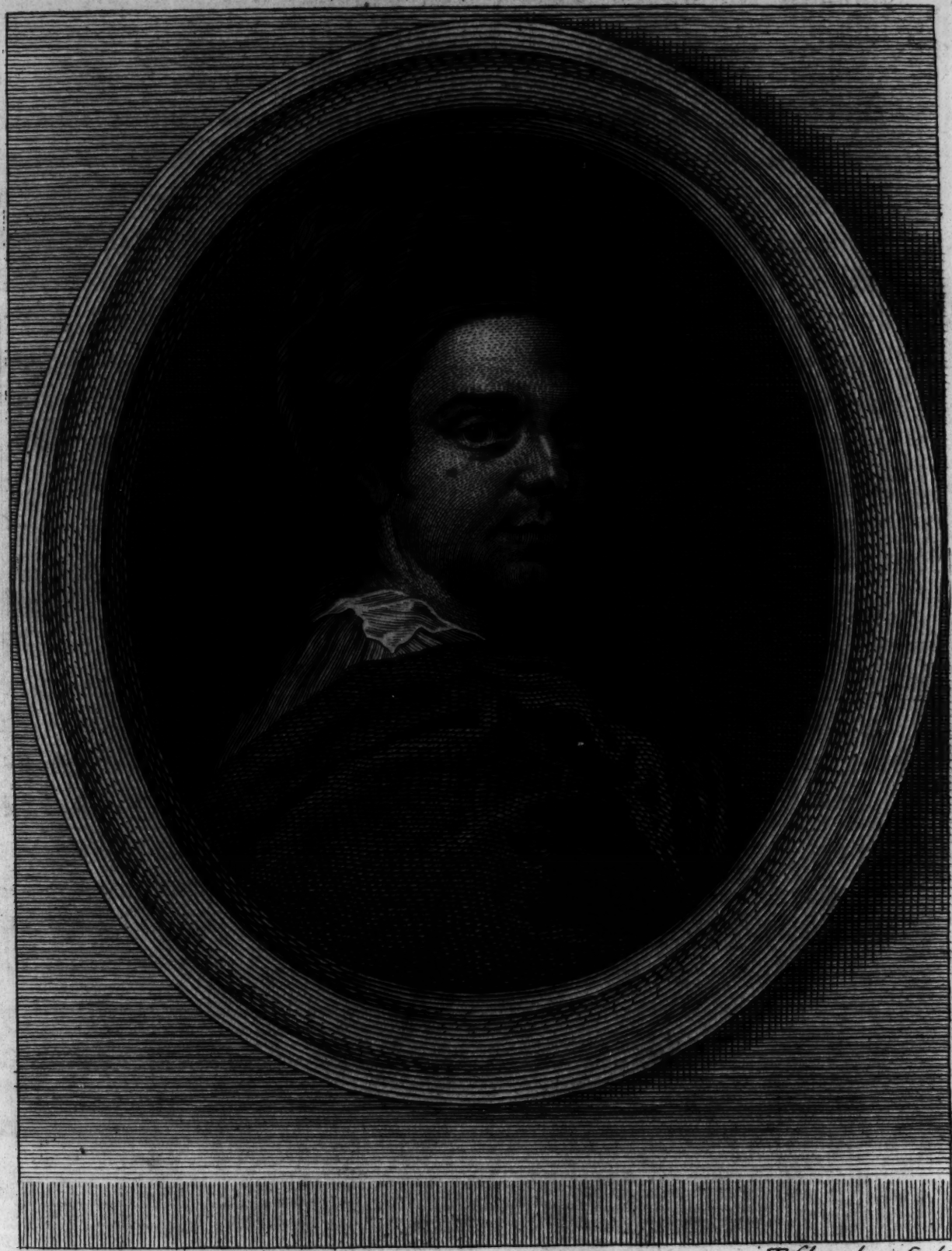
John Laguerre the son had talents for painting, but wanted application, preferring the stage to more laborious studies. After quitting that profession, I think he painted scenes, and published a set of prints of *Hob in the well*, which had a great sale, but he died at last in indigent circumstances in March, 1748.

MICHAEL DAHL

was born at Stockholm, and received some instructions from Ernstraen Klocke, an esteemed artist in that country and painter to the crown, who in the early part of his life had been in England. At the age of 22 Dahl was brought over by Mr. Pouters, a merchant, who five years afterwards introduced Boit from the same country. After a year's residence here, Dahl continued his travels in search of improvement, staid about a year at Paris, and bestowed about three more on the principal cities in Italy. At Rome he painted the portrait of P. F. Garroli, a sculptor and architect, under whom Gibbs studied

* Lanscroon was another assistant of Verrio and Laguerre, on his first arrival from Flanders. He died poor in 1737, leaving a son of his profession.

† Riario painted a staircase at lord Carpenter's.



Seipse pinxit.

T. Chambers Sculp.

MICHAEL DAHL



Painters in the Reign of George I.

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studied for some time. But it was more flattering to Dahl to be employed by one that had been his sovereign, the famous queen Christina. As he worked on her picture, she asked what he intended she should hold in her hand? He replied, a fan. Her majesty, whose ejaculations were rarely delicate, vented a very gross one, and added, "a fan! give me a lion; that is fitter for the queen of Sweden." I repeat this, without any intention of approving it. It was a pedantic affectation of spirit in a woman who had quitted a crown to ramble over Europe in a motley kind of masculine masquerade, assuming a right of assassinating her galants, as if tyranny as well as the priesthood were an indelible character, and throwing herself for protection into the bosom of a church she laughed at, for the comfortable enjoyment of talking indecently with learned men, and of living so with any other men. Contemptible in her ambition by abandoning the happiest opportunity of performing great and good actions, to hunt for venal praises from those parasites the litterati, she attained, or deserved to attain, that sole renown which necessarily accompanies great crimes or great follies in persons of superior rank. Her letters discover no genius or parts, and do not even wear that now trite mantle of the learned, the affectation of philosophy. Her womanish passions and anger display themselves without reserve, and she is ever mistaking herself for a queen, after having done every thing she could to relinquish and disgrace the character.

Dahl returned to England in 1688, where he found sir Godfrey Kneller rising to the head of the profession, and where he had yet merit enough to distinguish himself as no mean competitor. His colouring was good, and attempting nothing beyond portraits, he has certainly left many valuable pictures, especially as he did not neglect every

every thing but the head like Kneller, and drew the rest of the figure much better than Richardson. Some of Dahl's works are worthy of Riley. The large equestrian picture of his sovereign Charles the eleventh at Windsor has much merit, and in the gallery of admirals at Hampton-court he suffers but little from the superiority of sir Godfrey. In my mother's picture at Houghton there is great grace, though it was not his most common excellence. At Petworth are several whole lengths of ladies by him extremely well coloured. The more universal talents of Kneller and his assuming presumption carried away the croud from the modest and silent Dahl, yet they seem to have been amicable rivals, sir Godfrey having drawn his portrait. He did another of himself, but Vertue owns that sir Godfrey's deserved the preference for likeness, grace, and colouring. Queen Anne sat to him, and prince George was much his patron.

Virtuous and esteemed, easy in his circumstances and fortunate in his health, Dahl reached the long term of eighty seven years, and dying October 20, 1743, was buried in St. James's church. He left two daughters, and about three years before lost his only son, who was a very inferior painter, called the younger Dahl, but of whose life I find no particulars among Vertue's collections.

PETER ANGELIS

worked in a very different style from the two preceding painters, executing nothing but conversations and landscapes with small figures, which he was fond of enriching with representations of fruit and fish. His manner was a mixture of Teniers and Watteau, with more grace than the former, more nature than the latter. His pencil was

easy,

** Mr. David Middleton the surgeon, not long before the death of Dahl, found him turning over a folio of his collected works, which seemed to have been very carefully arranged. He was a book himself, he showed me his library, which was a pretty strong book, and if he had known "him" sooner he would have read it sooner.*

easy, bright, and flowing, but his colouring too faint and nerveless. He afterwards adopted the habits of Rubens and Vandyck, more picturesque indeed, but not so proper to improve his productions in what their chief beauty consisted, familiar life. He was born at Dunkirk in 1685, and visiting Flanders and Germany in the course of his studies, made the longest stay at Dusseldorpe, enchanted with the treasures of painting in that city. He came to England about the year 1712, and soon became a favourite painter; but towards the year 1730 he set out for Italy, where he spent three years. At Rome his pictures pleased extremely, but being of a reserved temper and not ostentatious of his merit, he disgusted several by the reluctance with which he exhibited his works: his studious and sober temper inclining him more to the pursuit of his art, than to the advantage of his fortune. Yet his attention to the latter prevented his return to England as he intended, for stopping at Rennes in Bretagne, a rich and parliamentary town, he was so immediately overwhelmed with employment there, that he settled in that city, and died there in a short time, in the year 1734, when he was not above forty-nine years of age. Hyssing painted his picture while he was in England.

ANTONY RUSSEL

is recorded by Vertue, as one of Riley's school, [consequently a painter of portraits] as were Murray and Richardson, though he owns with less success and less merit: nor does he mention any other facts relating to him, except that he died in July 1743, aged above fourscore. I should not be solicitous to preserve such dates, but

that they may sometimes ascertain the hands by which pictures have been painted----and yet I have lived long enough since the first volumes of this work were printed, to see many pieces ascribed to Holbein and Vandyck in auctions, though bearing dates notoriously posterior to the deaths of those masters: such notices as these often helping more men to cheat than to distinguish.

LUKE CRADOCK,

who died early in this reign, was a painter of birds and animals, in which walk he attained much merit by the bent and force of his own genius, having been so little initiated even in the grammar of his profession, that he was sent from Somerton near Ilchester in Somersetshire, where he was born, to be apprentice to a house-painter in London, with whom he served his time. Yet there, without instructions, and with few opportunities of studying nature in the very part of the creation which his talents led him to represent, he became, if not a great master, a faithful imitator of the inferior class of beings. His birds in particular are strongly and richly coloured, and were much sought as ornaments over doors and chimney-pieces. I have seen some pieces of his hand painted with a freedom and fire that intitled them to more distinction. He worked in general by the day and for dealers who retailed his works, possessing that conscious dignity of talents that scorned dependence, and made him hate to be employed by men whose birth and fortune confined his fancy and restrained his freedom. Vertue records a proof of his merit which I fear will enter into the panegyrics of few modern painters----he says he saw several of Cradock's pictures rise quickly after his death to three and four times

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times the price that he had received for them living. He died in 1717, and was buried at St. Mary's, Whitechapel.

PETER CASTEELS

was, like Cradock, though inferior in merit, a painter of fowls, but more commonly of flowers, yet neither with the boldness and relieve of a master, nor with the finished accuracy that in so many Flemish painters almost atones for want of genius. He was born at Antwerp in 1684, and in 1708 came over with his * brother Peter Tillemans. In 1716 he made a short journey to his native city, but returned soon. In 1726 he published twelve plates of birds and fowl which he had designed and etched himself, and did a few other things in the same way. In 1735 he retired to Tooting, to design for callico-printers: and lastly, the manufacture being removed thither, to Richmond, where he died of a lingering illness May 16, 1749.

----- D A G A R,

the son of a French painter, and himself born in France, came young into England and rose to great business, though upon a very slender stock of merit. He was violently afflicted with the gout and stone, and died in May 1723, at the age of Fifty-four. He left a son whom he bred to his own profession.

C H A R L E S

* So Vertue. I suppose he means brother-in-law.

CHARLES JERVAS.

No painter of so much eminence as Jervas, is taken so little notice of by Vertue in his memorandums, who neither specifies the family, birth or death of this artist. The latter, as well as I remember, happened at his * house in Cleveland-court, in 1739, ~~or 1740~~. One would think Vertue foresaw how little curiosity posterity would feel to know more of a man who has bequeathed them such wretched daubings. Yet, between the badness of the age's taste, the dearth of good masters, and a fashionable reputation, Jervas sat at the top of his profession; and his own vanity thought no encomium disproportionate to his merit. Yet was he defective in drawing, colouring, composition, and even in that most necessary, and perhaps most easy talent of a portrait-painter, likeness. In general, his pictures are a light flimsy kind of fan-painting as large as the life. Yet I have seen a few of his works highly coloured; and it is certain that his copies of Carlo Maratti, whom most he studied and imitated, were extremely just, and scarce inferior to the originals. It is a well-known story of him, that having succeeded happily in copying [he thought, in surpassing] a picture of Titian, he looked first at the one, then at the other, and then with parental complacency cried, "Poor little Tit! how he would stare!"

But what will recommend the name of Jervas to inquisitive posterity was his intimacy with Pope, whom he instructed to draw and paint, whom therefore these anecdotes are proud to boast of and enroll

* He had another house at Hampton.

enroll * among our artists, and who has enshrined † the feeble talents of the painter in the lucid amber of his glowing lines. The repeated name of lady ‡ Bridgwater in that epistle was not the sole effect of chance, of the lady's charms, or of the conveniency of her name to the measure of the verse. Jervas had ventured to look on that fair one with more than a painter's eyes; so entirely did the lovely form possess his imagination, that many a homely dame was delighted to find her picture resemble lady Bridgwater. Yet neither his presumption nor his passion could extinguish his self-love. One day, as she was sitting to him, he ran over the beauties of her face with rapture----“but, said he, I cannot help telling your ladyship that you have not a handsome ear.” “No! said lady Bridgwater; pray, Mr. Jervas, what is a handsome ear?” He turned aside his cap, and showed her his own.

What little more I have to say of him, is chiefly scattered amongst the notes of Vertue. He was born in Ireland, and for a year studied under sir Godfrey Kneller. Norris, frame-maker and keeper of the pictures to king William and queen Anne, was his first patron, and permitted him to copy what he pleased in the royal collection. At Hampton-court he copied the cartoons in little, and sold them to Dr. George Clarke of Oxford, who became his protector and furnished

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* See his letters to Jervas, and a short copy of verses on a fan designed by himself on the story of Cephalus and Procris. There is a small edition of the Essay on Man with a frontispiece likewise of his design.

† See Pope's epistle to Jervas with Dryden's translation of Fresnoy's Art of Painting.

‡ Elizabeth countess of Bridgwater, one of the beautiful daughters of the great duke of Marlborough.

nished him with money to visit Paris and Italy. At the former he lent two of his cartoons to Audran, who engraved them, but died before he could begin the rest. At Rome he applied himself to learn to draw, for though thirty years old, he said he had begun at the wrong end, and had only studied colouring. The friendship of Pope, and the patronage of other men of genius and rank, extended a reputation built on such slight foundations: to which not a little contributed, we may suppose, the *Tatler*, No. VIII, April 18, 1709, who calls him *the last great painter that Italy has sent us*. To this incense a widow worth 20,000*l.* added the solid, and made him her husband. In 1738 he again travelled to Italy for his health, but survived that journey only a short time. *ob. 1739 - in Cleveland Row.*

He translated and published a new edition of *Don Quixote*. His collection of drawings and Roman fayence, called * *Raphael's earthen-ware*, and a fine cabinet of ivory carvings by Fiamingo, were sold, the drawings in April 1741, and the rest after the death of his wife.

It will easily be conceived by those who know any thing of the state of painting in this country of late years, that this work pretends to no more than specifying the professors of most vogue. Portrait-painting has increased to so exuberant a degree in this age, that it would be difficult even to compute the number of limners that have appeared within the century. Consequently it is almost as necessary that the representations of men should perish and quit the scene to their successors, as it is that the human race should give place to rising

* There is a large and fine collection of this ware at the late sir Andrew Fountain's at Narford in Norfolk.





Chas. Bretherton f.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

ing generations. And indeed the mortality is almost as rapid. Portraits that cost twenty, thirty, sixty guineas, and that proudly take possession of the drawing-room, give way in the next generation to those of the new-married couple, descending into the parlour, where they are slightly mentioned as *my father's and mother's pictures*. When they become *my grandfather and grandmother*, they mount to the two pair of stairs; and then, unless dispatched to the mansion-house in the country, or crowded into the house-keeper's room, they perish among the lumber of garrets, or flutter into rags before a broker's shop at the Seven Dials. Such already has been the fate of some of those deathless beauties, who Pope promised his friend should

Bloom in his colours for a thousand years :

and such, I doubt, will be the precipitate catastrophe of the works of many more who babble of Titian and Vandyck, yet only imitate Giordano, whose hasty and rapacious pencil deservedly acquired him the disgraceful title of *Luca fa presto*.

JONATHAN RICHARDSON

was undoubtedly one of the best English painters of a head, that had appeared in this country. There is strength, roundness, and boldness in his colouring; but his men want dignity, and his women grace. The good sense of the nation is characterised in his portraits. You see he lived in an age when neither enthusiasm nor servility were predominant. Yet with a pencil so firm, possessed of a numerous and excellent collection of drawings, full of the theory, and profound in reflections on his art, he drew nothing well below the head, and was void of imagination. His attitudes, draperies, and back-
grounds

grounds are totally insipid and unmeaning; so ill did he apply to his own practice the sagacious rules and hints he bestowed on others. Though he wrote with fire and judgment, his paintings owed little to either. No man dived deeper into the inexhaustible stores of Raphael, or was more smitten with the native lustre of Vandyck. Yet though capable of tasting the elevation of the one and the elegance of the other, he could never contrive to see with their eyes, when he was to copy nature himself. One wonders that he could comment their works so well, and imitate them so little.

Richardson was born about the year 1665, and against his inclination was placed by his * father-in-law apprentice to a scrivener, with whom he lived six years, when obtaining his freedom by the death of his master, he followed the bent of his disposition, and at twenty years old became the disciple of Riley; with whom he lived four years, whose neice he married, and of whose manner he acquired enough to maintain a solid and lasting reputation, even during the lives of Kneller and Dahl, and to remain at the head of the profession when they went off the stage. He quitted business himself some years before his death; but his temperance and virtue contributed to protract his life to a great length in the full enjoyment of his understanding, and in the felicity of domestic friendship. He had had a paralytic stroke that affected his arm, yet never disabled him from his customary walks and exercise. He had been in St. James's park, and died suddenly at his house in Queen-square on his return home, May 28, 1745, when he had passed the eightieth year of his age. He left a son and four daughters, one of whom was married to his disciple Mr. Hudson, and another to Mr. Grigson, an attorney.

✓ * His own father died when he was five years old. The

Jonathan Richardson junr. ob: 1771. et. 77

The taste and learning of the son, and the harmony in which he lived with his father, are visible in the joint works they composed. The father in 1719 published two discourses; 1. An Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting; 2. An Argument in Behalf of the * Science of a Connoisseur; bound in one volume octavo. In 1722 came forth An Account of some of the Statues, Bas-reliefs, Drawings and Pictures, in Italy, &c. with Remarks by Mr. Richardson, Sen. and Jun. The son made the journey; and from his notes, letters, and observations, they both at his return compiled this valuable work. As the father was a formal man, with a slow, but loud and sonorous voice, and, in truth, with some affectation in his manner; and as there is much singularity in his style and expression, those peculiarities, for they were scarce foibles, struck superficial readers, and between the laughers and the envious, the book was much ridiculed. Yet both this and the former are full of matter, good sense and instruction: and the very quaintness of some expressions, and their laboured novelty, show the difficulty the author had to convey meer visible ideas through the medium of language. Those works remind one of Cibber's inimitable treatise on the stage: when an author writes on his own profession, feels it profoundly, and is sensible his readers do not, he is not only excusable, but meritorious, for illuminating the subject by new metaphors or bolder figures than ordinary. He is the coxcomb that sneers, not he that instructs in appropriated diction.

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If

* He tells us, that being in search of a proper term for this science, Mr. Prior proposed to name it *connoissance*; but that word has not obtained possession as *connoisseur* has.

If these authors were censured, when conversant within their own circle, it was not to be expected that they would be treated with milder indulgence, when they ventured into a sifter region. In 1734 they published a very thick octavo, containing explanatory notes and remarks on Milton's *Paradise lost*, with the life of the author, and a discourse on the poem. Again were the good sense, the judicious criticisms, and the sentiments that broke forth in this work, forgotten in the singularities that distinguish it. The father having said in apology for being little conversant in classic literature, that he had looked into them through his son, Hogarth, whom a quibble could furnish with wit, drew the father peeping through the nether end of a telescope, with which his son was perforated, at a Virgil aloft on a shelf. Yet how forcibly Richardson entered into the spirit of his author appears from his comprehensive expression, that *Milton was an ancient born two thousand years after his time*. Richardson, however, was as incapable of reaching the sublime or harmonious in poetry as he was in painting, though so capable of illustrating both. Some specimens of verse, that he has given us here and there in his works, excite no curiosity for more, though he informs us in his *Milton*, that if painting was his wife, poetry had been his secret concubine. It is remarkable that another commentator of Milton has made the same confession;

-----sunt & mihi carmina, me quoque dicunt

Vatem pastores-----

says Dr. Bentley. Neither the doctor nor the painter add, *sed non ego credulus illis*, though all their readers are ready to supply it for both.

Besides

Painters in the Reign of George I.

19

Besides his pictures and commentaries, we have a few etchings by his hand, particularly two or three of Milton, and his own head.

The sale of his collection of drawings, in February 1747, lasted eighteen days, and produced about 2060*l.* his pictures about 700*l.* Hudson, his son-in-law, bought many of the drawings.

----- G R I S O N I

was the son of a painter at Florence, whence Mr. Talman brought him over in 1715. He painted history, landscape, and sometimes portrait; but his business declining, he sold his pictures by auction, in 1728, and returned to his own country with a wife whom he had married here of the name of St. John.

W I L L I A M A I K M A N

was born in Scotland, and educated under sir John Medina. He came young to London, travelled to Italy, and visited Turkey, and returned through London to Scotland, where he was patronized by John duke of Argyle the general, and many of the nobility. After two or three years he settled in London, and met with no less encouragement---but falling into a long and languishing distemper, his physicians advised him to try his native air, but he died at his house in Leicester-fields, in June, 1731, aged fifty. His body, by his own desire, was carried to and interred in Scotland. Vertue commends his portrait of Gay for the great likeness, and quotes the following lines, addressed to Aikman on one of his performances, by S. Boyse;

As

Painters in the Reign of George I.

As Nature blushing and astonished eyed
 Young Aikman's draught, surpriz'd the goddess cried,
 Where didst thou form, rash youth, the bold design
 To teach thy labours to resemble mine?
 So soft thy colours, yet so just thy stroke.
 That undetermin'd on thy work I look.
 To crown thy art cou'dst thou but language join,
 The form had spoke, and call'd the conquest thine.

JOHN ALEXANDER,

of the same country with the preceding, was son of a clergyman, and I think descended from their boasted Jamisone. He travelled to Italy, and in 1718 etched some plates after Raphael. In 1721 was printed a letter to a friend at Edinburgh, describing a staircase painted at the castle of Gordon with the rape of Proserpine by this Mr. Alexander.

Sir JAMES THORNHILL,

a man of much note in his time, who succeeded Verrio and was the rival of Laguerre in the decorations of our palaces and public buildings, was born at Weymouth in Dorsetshire, was knighted by George the First, and was elected to represent his native town in parliament. His chief works were, the dome of St. Paul's, an apartment at Hampton-court, the altar-piece of the chapel of All Souls at Oxford, another for * Weymouth of which he made them a present, the hall

* The altar-piece at Weymouth was engraved by a young man, his scholar, whom he set up in that business.



Cha^s. Bretherton f.

S^R. JAMES THORNHILL.



at Blenheim, the chapel at lord Oxford's at Wimpole in Cambridge-shire, the salon and other things for Mr. Styles at More-park, Hertfordshire, and the great hall at Greenwich hospital. Yet high as his reputation was, and laborious as his works, he was far from being generously rewarded for some of them, and for others he found it difficult to obtain the stipulated prices. His demands were contested at Greenwich, and though La Fosse received 2000*l.* for his work at Montagu-house and was allowed 500*l.* for his diet besides, sir James could obtain but 40*s.* a yard square for the cupola of St. Paul's, and I think no more for Greenwich. When the affairs of the South-sea company were made up, Thornhill, who had painted their stair-case and a little hall by order of Mr. Knight their cashier, demanded 1500*l.* but the directors learning that he had been paid but 25*s.* a yard for the hall at Blenheim, they would allow no more. He had a longer contest with Mr. Styles, who had agreed to give him 3500*l.* but not being satisfied with the execution, a law-suit was commenced, and Dahl, Richardson, and others, were appointed to inspect the work. They appeared in court, bearing testimony to the merit of the performance; Mr. Styles was condemned to pay the money, and by their arbitration 500*l.* more, for decorations about the house and for Thornhill's acting as surveyor of the building. This suit occasioning enquiries into matters of the like nature, it appeared that 300*l.* a year had been allowed to the surveyor of Blenheim, besides travelling charges: 200*l.* a year to others; and that Gibbs received but 550*l.* for building St. Martin's church.

By the favour of that general Mecænas*, the earl of Halifax, sir James was allowed to copy the cartoons at Hampton-court, on which he employed three years. He executed a smaller set, of one fourth part of the dimensions. Having been very accurate in noticing the defects, and the additions by Cooke who repaired them, and in examining the parts turned in to fit them to the places; and having made copious studies of the heads, hands, and feet, he intended to publish an exact account of the whole, for the use of students: but this work has never appeared. In 1724 he opened an academy for drawing at his house in Covent-garden, and had before proposed to lord Halifax to obtain the foundation of a royal academy at the upper end of the Mews, with apartments for the professors, which by an estimate he had made would have cost but 3139*l.* for sir James dabbled in architecture, and stirred up much envy in that profession by announcing a design of taking it up, as he had before by thinking of applying himself to painting portraits.

Afflicted with the gout and his legs swelling, he set out for his seat at Thornhill near Weymouth, where four days after his arrival he expired in his chair, May 4, 1734, aged fifty-seven, leaving one son named James, whom he had procured to be appointed serjeant-painter and painter to the navy; and one daughter, married to that original and unequalled genius, Hogarth.

Sir

* It was by the influence of the same patron that sir James was employed to paint the princess's apartment at Hampton-court. The duke of Shrewsbury, lord chamberlain, intended it should be executed by Sebastian Ricci, but the earl, then first commissioner of the treasury, preferring his own countryman, told the duke, that if Ricci painted it, he would not pay him.

Sir James's collection, among which were a few capital pictures of the great masters, was sold in the following year ; and with them his two sets of the cartoons, the smaller for seventy-five guineas, the larger for only 200*l.* a price we ought in justice to suppose was owing to the few bidders who had spaces in their houses large enough to receive them. They were purchased by the duke of Bedford, and are in the gallery at Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square. In the same collection were drawings by one Andrea, a disciple of Thornhill, who died about the same time at Paris.

ROBERT BROWN

was a disciple of Thornhill, and worked under him on the cupola of St. Paul's. Setting up for himself, he was much employed in decorating several churches in the city, being admired for his skill in painting crimson curtains, apostles, and stories out of the New Testament. He painted the altar-piece of St. Andrew Underhaft, and the spaces between the gothic arches in chiaro scuro. In the parish church of St. Botolph, Aldgate, he painted the transfiguration for the altar ; in St. Andrews, Holborn, the figures of St. Andrew and St. John, and two histories on the sides of the organ. In the chapel of St. John at the end of Bedford-row, he painted St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist, and even two signs that were much admired, that for the Paul's head tavern in Cateaton-street, and the Baptist's head at the corner of Aldermanbury. Correggio's sign of the muleteer is mentioned by all his biographers. Brown, I doubt, was no Correggio.

----- BELLUCCI,

----- B E L L U C C I,

an Italian painter of history, arrived here in 1716, from the court of the elector Palatine. In 1722 he finished a cieling at Buckingham-house, for which the duchess paid him 500*l*. He was also employed on the chapel of Canons, that large and costly palace of the duke of Chandos, which by a fate as transient as its founder's, barely survived him, being pulled down as soon as he was dead; and, as if in mockery of sublunary grandeur, the scite and materials were purchased by Hallet the cabinet-maker. Though Pope was too grateful to mean a satire on Canons, while he recorded all its ostentatious want of taste, and too sincere to have denied it, if he had meant it, he might without blame have moralized on the event in an epistle purely ethic, had he lived to behold its fall and change of masters.

Bellucci executed some other works which Vertue does not specify; but being afflicted with the gout, quitted this country, leaving a nephew, who went to Ireland, and made a fortune by painting portraits there.

B A L T H A Z A R D E N N E R,

of Hamburgh, one of those laborious artists, whose works surprise rather than please, and who could not be so excellent if they had not more patience than genius, came hither upon encouragement from the king, who had seen of his works at Hanover and promised to sit to him, but Denner succeeding ill in the pictures of two of the favourite German ladies, he lost the footing he had expected at court:
his

his fame however rose very high on his exhibiting the head of an old woman, that he brought over with him, about sixteen inches high and thirteen wide, in which the grain of the skin, the hairs, the down, the glassy humour of the eyes, were represented with the most exact minuteness. It gained him more applause than custom, for a man could not execute many works who employed so much time to finish them. Nor did he even find a purchaser here; but the emperor bought the picture for six hundred ducats. At Hamburgh he began a companion to it, an old man, which he brought over and finished here in 1726, and sold like the former. He painted himself, his wife and children, with the same circumstantial detail, and a half-length of himself, which was in the possession of one Swarts, a painter, totally unknown to me. He resolved however, says Vertue, to quit this painful practice and turn to a bolder and less finished style; but whether he did or not is uncertain. He left England in 1728. The portrait of John Frederic Weickman of Hamburgh, painted by Denner, is said to be in the Bodleian library at Oxford.

----- F E R G,

of Vienna, was a charming painter, who had composed a manner of his own, from various Flemish painters, though resembling Polenburgh most in the enamelled softness and mellowness of his colouring: but his figures are greatly superior; every part of them is sufficiently finished, every action expressive. He painted small landscapes, fairs, and rural meetings, with the most agreeable truth; his horses and cattle are not inferior to Wouvermans, and his buildings and distances seem to owe their perspective softness to the intervening

air, not to the pencil. More faithful to nature, than Denner, he knew how to omit exactness, when the result of the whole demands a less precision in parts. This pleasing artist passed twenty years here, but little known, and always indigent. Unhappy in his domestic, he was sometimes in prison, and never at ease at home, the consequence of which was dissipation. He died suddenly in the street one night, as he was returning from some friends, about the year 1737, having not attained his fiftieth year. He left four children.

THOMAS GIBSON,

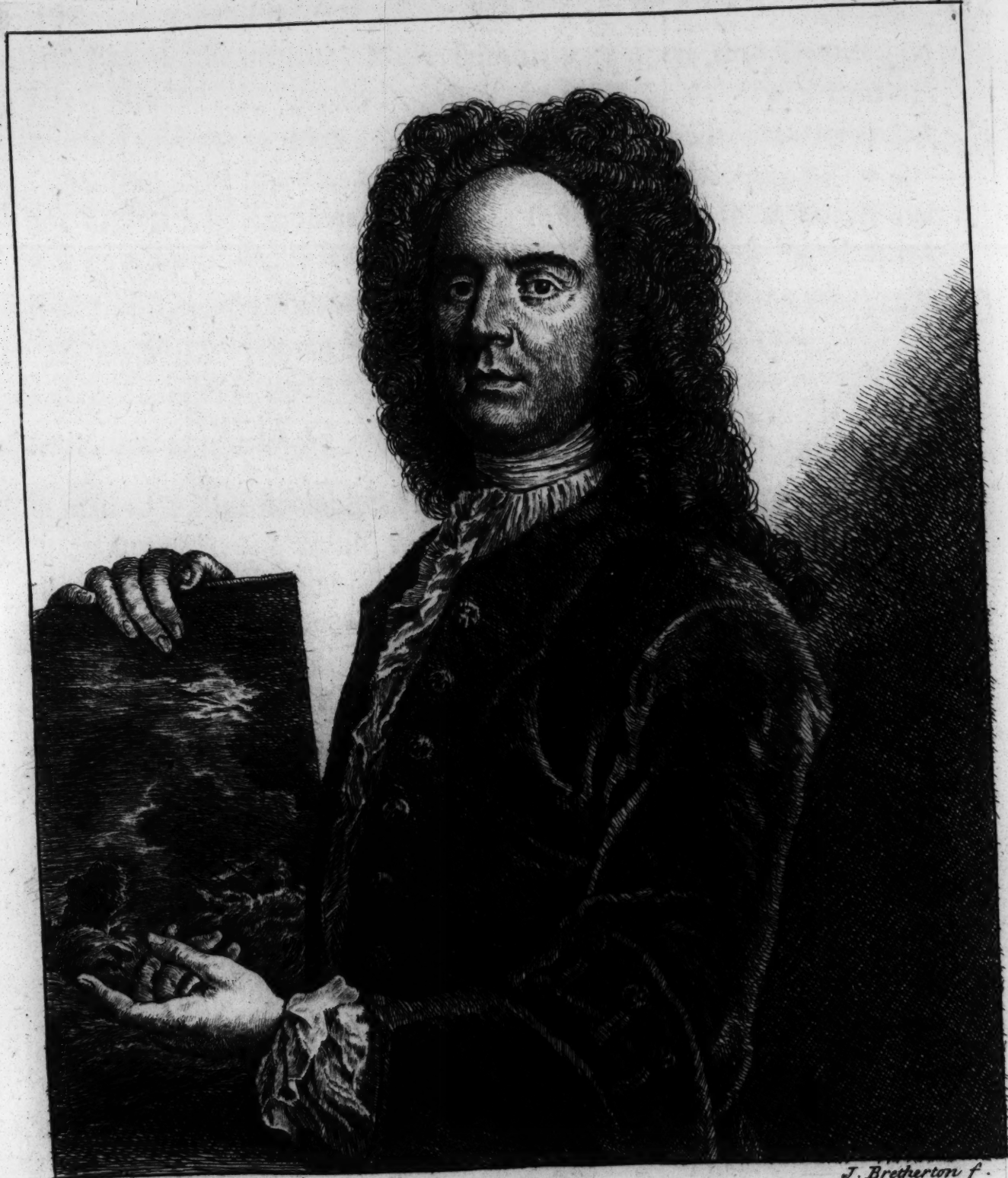
a man of a most amiable character, says Vertue, had for some time great business, but an ill state of health for some years interrupted his application, and about 1730 he disposed of his pictures privately amongst his friends. He not long after removed to Oxford, and I believe practised again in London. He died April 28, 1751, aged about seventy-one. Vertue speaks highly of his integrity and modesty, and says he offended his cotemporary artists by forbearing to raise his prices; and adds, what was not surprising in such congenial goodness, that of all the profession Gibson was his most sincere friend.

----- H I L L

was born in 1661, and learned to draw of the engraver Faithorne. He painted many portraits, and died at Mitcham in 1734.

P. MONAMY,





J. Bretherton f.

P. MONAMY.

P. MONAMY,

a good painter of sea-pieces, was born in Jersey, and certainly from his circumstances or the views of his family had little reason to expect the fame he afterwards acquired, having received his first rudiments of drawing from a sign and house painter on London-bridge. But when nature gives real talents, they break forth in the homeliest school. The shallow waves that rolled under his window taught young Monamy what his master could not teach him, and fitted him to imitate the turbulence of the ocean. In painter's-hall is a large piece by him, painted in 1726. He died at his house in Westminster the beginning of 1749.

JAMES VAN HUYSUM,

brother of John, that exquisite painter of fruit and flowers, came over in 1721, and would have been thought a great master in that way, if his brother had never appeared. Old Baptist had more freedom than John Huysum, but no man ever yet approached to the finishing and roundness of the latter. James lived a year or two with sir Robert Walpole at Chelsea, and copied many pieces of Michael Angelo Caravaggio, Claud Lorrain, Gaspar, and other masters, which are now over the doors and chimnies in the attic story at Houghton; but his drunken dissolute conduct occasioned his being dismissed.

JAMES

JAMES MAUBERT

distinguished himself by copying all the portraits he could meet with of English poets, some of which he painted in small ovals. Dryden, Wycherley, Congreve, Pope, and some others, he painted from the life. He died at the end of 1746. Vertue says he mightily adorned his pictures with flowers, honey-suckles, &c.

----- PESNE,

a Parisian, who had studied at Rome, and been painter to the king of Prussia, grandfather of the present king. He came hither in 1724, and drew some of the royal family, but in the gawdy style of his own country, which did not at that time succeed here.

JOHN STEVENS,

a landscape-painter, who chiefly imitated Vandieft, painted small pictures, but was mostly employed for pieces over doors and chimnies. He died in 1722.

JOHN SMIBERT,

of Edinburgh, was born about 1684, and served his time with a common house-painter; but eager to handle a pencil in a more elevated style, he came to London, where however for subsistence he was forced to content himself at first with working for coach-painters.

It

It was a little rise to be employed in copying for dealers, and from thence he obtained admittance into the academy. His efforts and ardour at last carried him to Italy, where he spent three years in copying portraits of Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and Rubens, and improved enough to meet with much business at his return. When his industry and abilities had thus surmounted the asperities of his fortune, he was tempted against the persuasion of his friends to embark in the uncertain but amusing scheme of the famous dean Berkeley, afterwards bishop of Cloyne, whose benevolent heart was then warmly set on the erection of an universal college of science and arts in Bermudas, for the instruction of heathen children in christian duties and civil knowledge. Smibert, a silent and modest man, who abhorred the finess of some of his profession, was enchanted with a plan that he thought promised him tranquility and honest subsistence in a healthful Elysian climate*, and in spite of remonstrances engaged with the dean, whose zeal had ranged the favour of the court on his side. The king's death dispelled the vision. Smibert however, who had set sail, found it convenient or had resolution enough to proceed, but settled at Boston in New England, where he suc-

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ceeded

* One may conceive too how a man so devoted to his art must have been animated, when the dean's enthusiasm and eloquence painted to his imagination a new theatre of prospects, rich, warm and glowing with scenery, which no pencil had yet made cheap and common by a sameness of thinking and imagination. As our disputes and politics have travelled to America, is it not probable that poetry and painting too will revive amidst those extensive tracts as they increase in opulence and empire, and where the stores of nature are so various, so magnificent, and so new?

ceeded to his wish, and married a woman with a considerable fortune, whom he left a widow with two children in March 1751. A panegyric on him, written there, was printed here in the Courant, 1730. Vertue, in whose notes I find these particulars, mentions another painter of the same country, one Alexander Nesbitt of Leith, born in 1682, but without recording any circumstances relative to him.

----- T R E V E T T

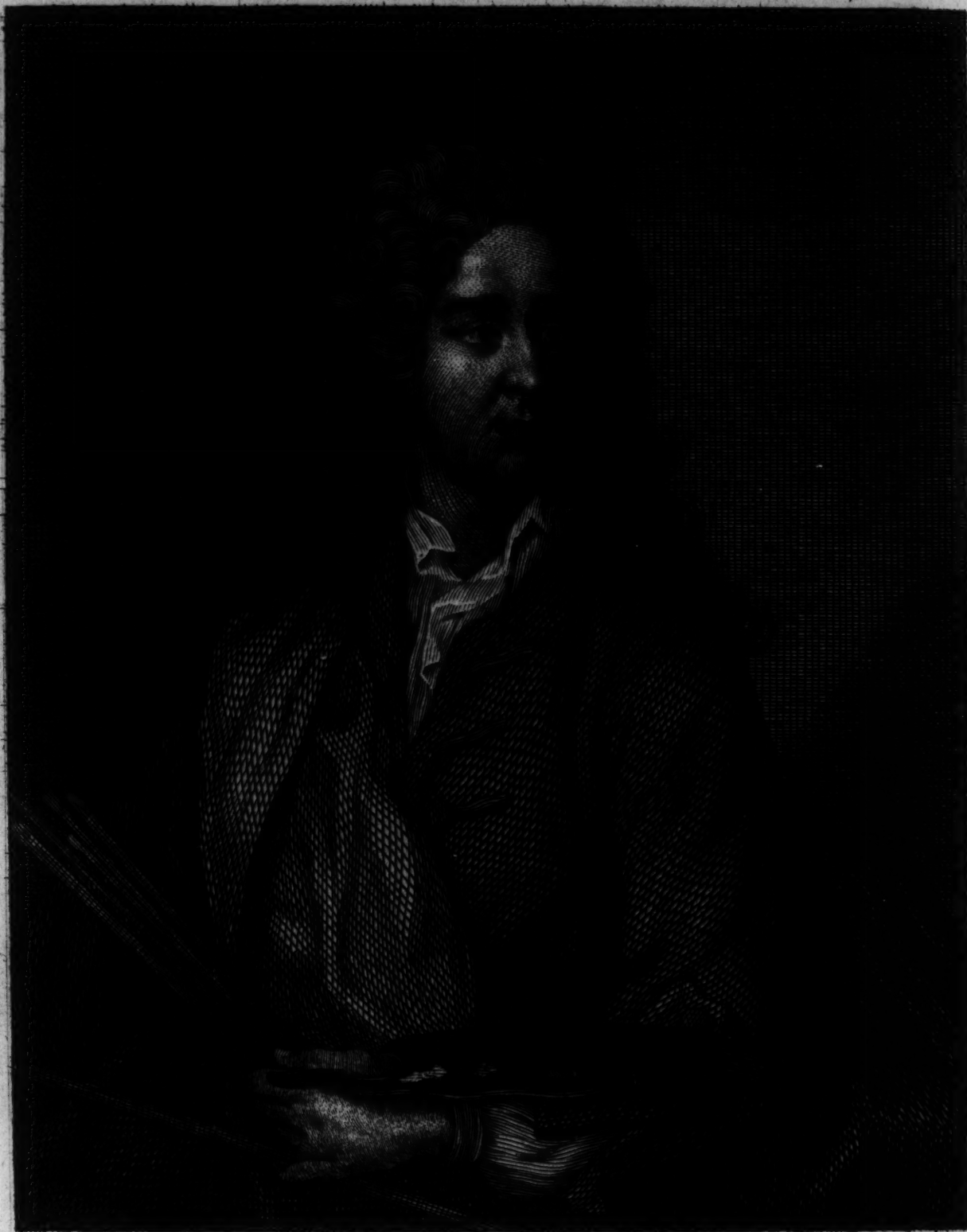
was a painter of architecture and master of the company of painter-stainers, to whose hall he presented one of his works. He painted several views both of the inside and outside of St. Pauls, intending to have them engraved, for which purpose Vertue worked on them some time; but the design was never compleated. He began too a large view of London, on several sheets, from the steeple of St. Mary Overy, but died in 1723.

H E N R Y T R E N C H

was a cotemporary of Kent, and gained a prize in the academy of St. Luke at Rome, at the same time. Trench was born in Ireland, but studied many years in Italy, and for some time under Gioseppe Chiari. Returning to England, he professed painting history, but not finding encouragement, went back to Italy and studied two years more. He came over for the last time in 1725, but died the next year, and was buried at Paddington.

P E T E R





Hispings pinxit.

T Chambers Sculp.

PETER TILLEMANS.

PETER TILLEMANS

not only distinguished himself above most of his competitors, but which is far more to his honour, has left works that sustain themselves even in * capital collections. He was † born at Antwerp, and made himself a painter, though he studied under very indifferent masters. In 1708 he was brought to England, with his brother-in-law Casteels, by one Turner, a dealer in pictures; and employed by him in copying Bourgognon and other masters, in which he succeeded admirably, particularly Teniers, of whom he preserved all the freedom and spirit. He generally painted landscapes with small figures, sea-ports and views; but when he came to be known, he was patronized by several men of quality; and drew views of their seats, huntings, races, and horses in perfection. In this way he was much employed both in the west and north of England, and in Wales, and drew many prospects for the intended history of Northamptonshire by Mr. Bridges. He had the honour of instructing the late lord Byron, who did great credit to his master, as may be seen by several of his lordship's drawings at his beautiful and venerable seat at Newsted-abbey in Northamptonshire, and where Tillemans himself must have improved amidst so many fine pictures of animals and huntings. There are two long prints of horses and hunting designed and etched by him, and dedicated to his patrons the duke of Devonshire and lord

* His view of Chatsworth hangs among several fine pictures at Devonshire-house, and is not disgraced by them.

† His father was a diamond-cutter.

lord Byron. With Joseph Goupy he was prevailed upon to paint a set of scenes for the opera, which were much admired. After labouring many years under an asthma, for which he chiefly resided at Richmond, he died at Norton in Suffolk December 5, 1734, at about the fiftieth year of his age.

JOHN VANDREBANK,

a painter much in fashion in the reigns of the two last kings, is said by Vertue to be an Englishman (though by his name at least of foreign extraction) and to have attained his skill without any assistance from study abroad. Had he not been careless and extravagant, says my author, he might have made a greater figure than almost any painter this nation had produced; so bold and free was his pencil and so masterly his drawing. He died of a consumption when he was not above forty-five, in Hollis-street, Cavendish-square, December 23, 1739. John Vandrebanks gave the designs of a set of plates for Don Quixote. He had a brother of the same profession; and a cousin, called

SAMUEL BARKER,

whom he instructed in the art, but who having a talent for painting fruit and flowers, imitated Baptist, and would probably have made a good master, but died young in 1727.

PETER

PETER VAN BLEECK,

came into England in 1723, and was reckoned a good painter of portraits. There is a fine mezzotinto, done in the following reign, from a picture which he painted of those excellent comedians, Johnson and Griffin, in the characters of Ananias and Tribulation, in the Alchymist. I have mentioned Johnson in this work before, as the most natural actor I ever saw. Griffin's eye and tone were a little too comic, and betrayed his inward mirth, though his muscles were strictly steady. Mr. Weston is not inferior to Johnson in the firmness of his countenance, though less universal, as Johnson was equally great in some tragic characters. In bishop Gardiner he supported the insolent dignity of a persecutor; and compleatly a priest, shifted it in an instant to the fawning insincerity of a slave, as soon as Henry frowned. This was indeed history, when Shakespeare wrote it, and Johnson represented it. When we read it in fictitious harangues and wordy declamation, it is a tale told by a pedant to a school-boy. Vanbleeck died July 20, 1764.

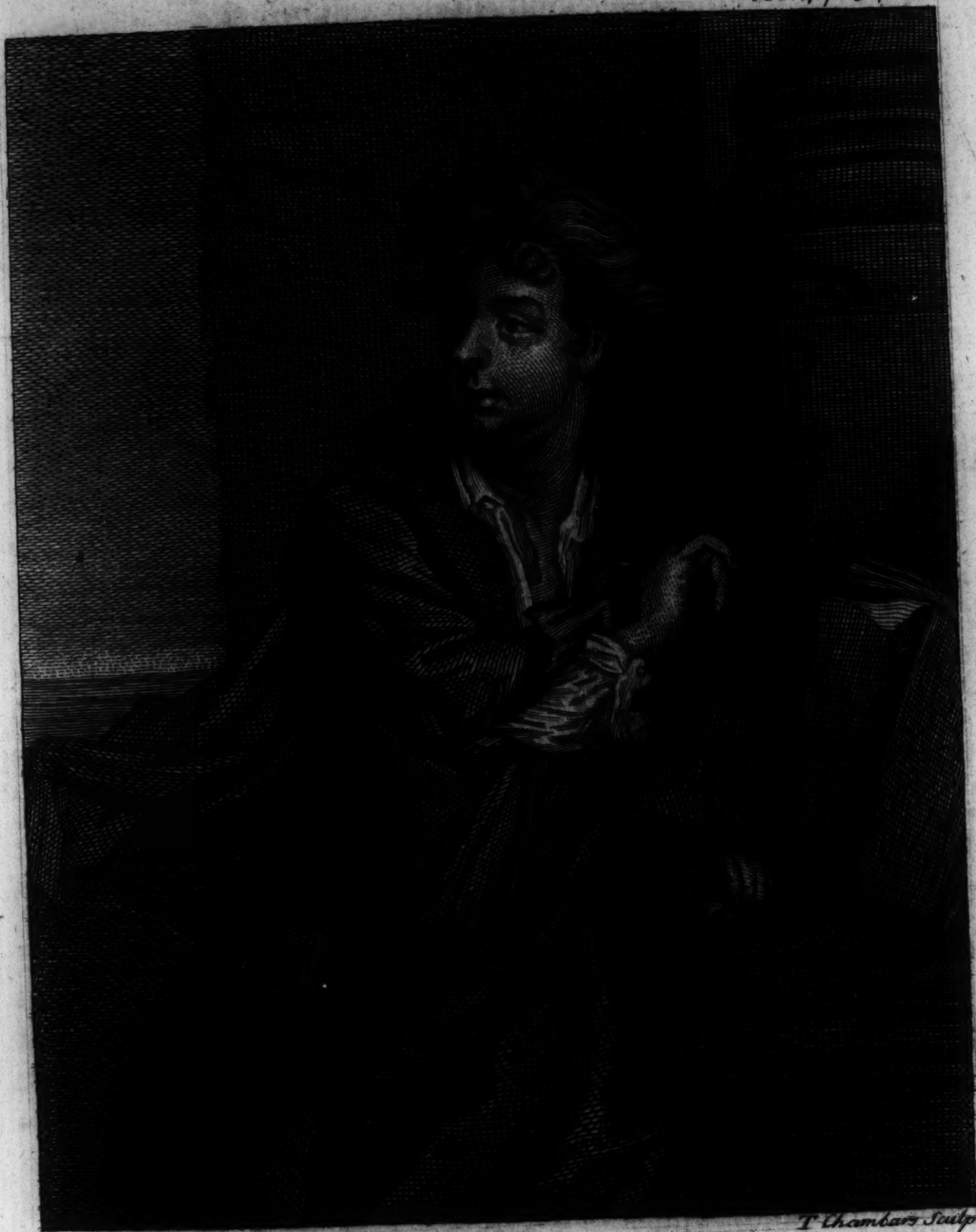
H. VANDERMIJN,

another Dutch painter, came over recommended by lord Cadogan the general, and in his manner carried to excess the laborious minuteness of his countrymen; faithfully imitating the details of lace, embroidery, fringes, and even the threads of stockings. Yet even this accuracy in artificial trifles, which is often praised by the people as *natural*, nor the protection of the court, could establish his reputa-

tion as a good master ; though perhaps the time he wasted on his works, in which at least he was the reverse of his flatteringly cotemporaries, prevented his enriching himself as they did. In history he is said to have had greater merit. He was more fortunate in receiving 500*l.* for repairing the paintings at Burleigh. The prince of Orange sat to him, and he succeeded so well in the likeness, that the late prince of Wales not only sent for him to draw his picture, but prevailed on his sister the princess of Orange to draw Vander-mijn's; for her royal highness, as well as princess Caroline, both honoured the art by their performances in crayons. This singular distinction was not the only one Vandermijn received; George the first, and the late king and queen, then prince and princess, answered for his son, a hopeful lad, who was lost at the age of sixteen, by the breaking of the ice as he was skating at Marybone, at the end of the greatest frost in 1740. Vandermijn had a sister called Agatha, who came over with him, and painted fruit, flowers, and dead fowls. I do not find in what year he died.

ENOCH ZEEMAN.

Vertue has preserved few anecdotes of this painter, whom I remember in much business. His father and three brothers followed the same profession; one of them in water-colours; but Enoch was most in fashion. At nineteen he painted his own portrait in the finical manner of Denner, and executed the heads of an old man and woman in the same style afterwards. He died suddenly in 1744, leaving a son, called Paul, who followed the same profession. Isaac Zeeman,



Seipse pinxit.

T. Chambers Sculp.

ENOCH SEEMAN.







WATTEAU

Zeeman, brother of Enoch, died April 4, 1751, leaving also a son who was a painter.

W A T T E A U.

England has very slender pretensions to this original and engaging painter; he having come hither only to consult Dr. Meade, for whom he painted two pictures, that were sold in the doctor's collection. The genius of Watteau resembled that of his countryman D'urfè; the one drew and the other wrote of imaginary nymphs and swains, and described a kind of impossible pastoral, a rural life led by those opposites of rural simplicity, people of fashion and rank. Watteau's shepherdesses, nay, his very sheep, are coquet; yet he avoided the glare and clinquant of his countrymen; and though he fell short of the dignified grace of the Italians, there is an easy air in his figures, and that more familiar species of the graceful, which we call genteel. His nymphs are as much below the forbidding majesty of goddesses, as they are above the hoyden awkwardness of country-girls. In his halts and marches of armies, the careless slouch of his soldiers still retain the air of a nation that aspires to be agreeable as well as victorious.

But there is one fault of Watteau, for which till lately I could never account. His trees appear as unnatural to our eyes, as his figures must do to a real peasant who had never stirred beyond his village. In my late journies to Paris the cause of this grievous absurdity was apparent to me, though nothing can excuse it. Watteau's trees are copied from those of the Tuilleries and villas near Paris; a strange scene to study nature in! There I saw the originals of those tufts of plumes and fans, and trimmed-up groves, that nod

to

to one another like the scenes of an opera. Fantastic people! who range and fashion their trees, and teach them to hold up their heads, as a dancing-master would, if he expected Orpheus should return to play a minuet to them.

ROBERT WOODCOCK,

of a gentleman's family, became a painter by genius and inclination. He had a place under the government, which he quitted to devote himself to his art, which he practiced solely on sea-pieces. He drew in that way from his childhood, and studied the technical part of ships with so much attention, that he could cut out a ship with all the masts and rigging to the utmost exactness. In 1723 he began to practice in oil, and in two years copied above forty pictures of Vandewelde. With so good a foundation he openly professed the art, and his improvements were so rapid that the duke of Chandos gave him thirty guineas for one of his pieces. Nor was his talent for music less remarkable. He both played on the hautboy and composed, and some of his compositions in several parts were published. But these promising abilities were cut off e'er they had reached their maturity, by that enemy of the ingenious and sedentary, the gout. He died April 10, 1728, in the thirty-seventh year of his age, and was buried at Chelsea.

ISAAC WHOOD

painted portraits in oil, and in black-lead on vellum, chiefly profiles. He was patronized by Wrothesley duke of Bedford, and has left
several

Painters in the Reign of George I. 37

several of his works at Woburn-abbey. He died in Bloomsbury-square, February 24, 1752, aged sixty-three. He was remarkable for his humour, and happy application of passages in Hudibras.

----- V O G E L S A N G,

of what country I know not, was a landscape-painter, who went to Ireland, where he had good business; but leaving it to go to Scotland, was not equally successful, and returned to London. These are all the traces I find of him in Vertue's notes.

----- Z U R I C H,

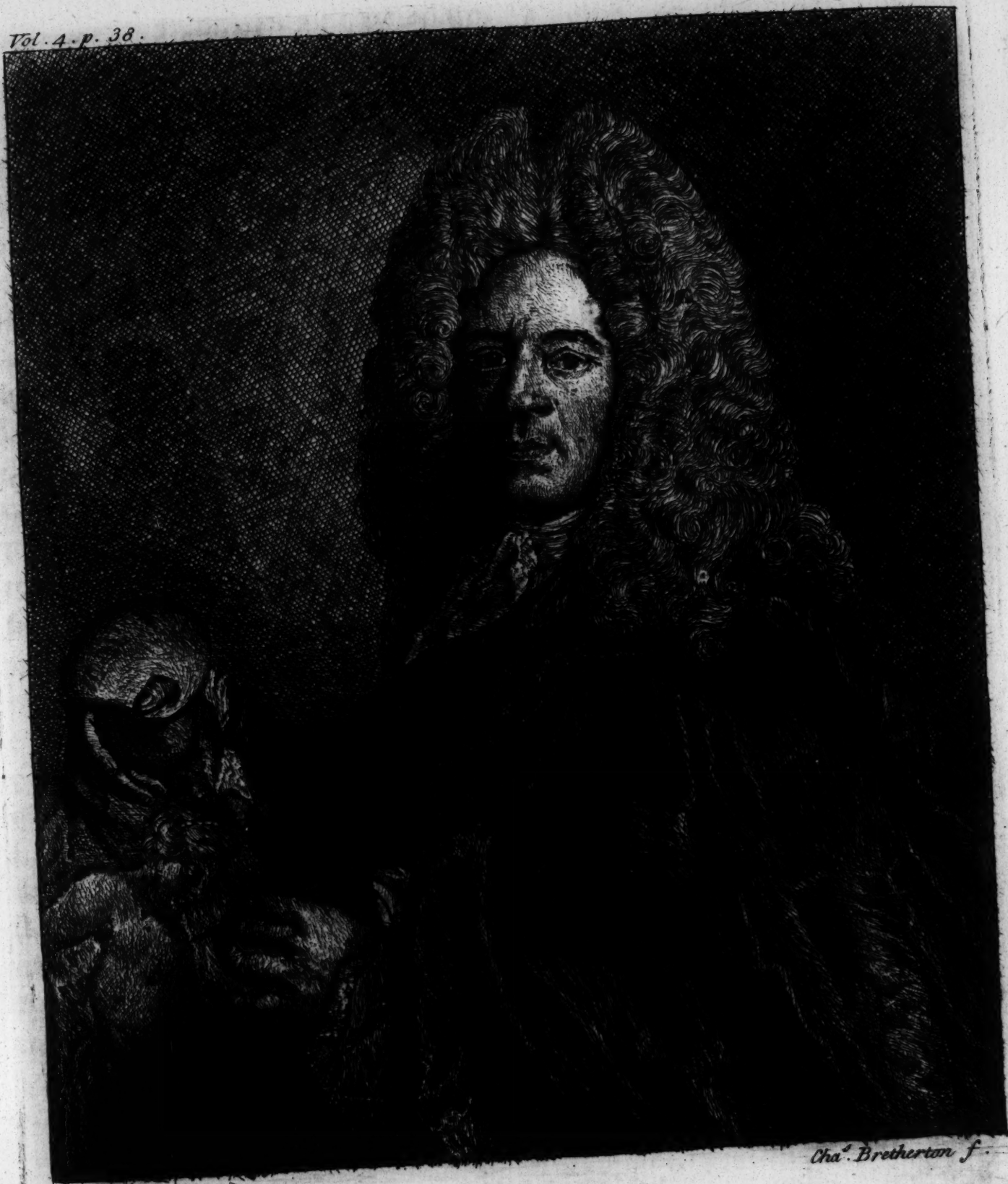
of Dresden, was son of a jeweller, who bred him to his own business, but giving him some instructions in drawing too, the young man preferred the latter, and applied himself to miniature and enamelling. He studied in the academy of Berlin, and came to England about 1715, where he met with encouragement, though now forgotten, and obscured by his countryman that second Petitor, Zincke, whom I shall mention in the next reign. Zurich died about Christmas 1735, in the fiftieth year of his age, and was buried near the Lutheran church in the Savoy, leaving a son about twelve years old. Frederic Peterson was an enameller about the same time, and died in 1729.

CHRISTIAN RICHTER,

son of a silversmith at Stockholm, came over in 1702 and practiced in oil, chiefly studying the works of Dahl, from which he learned a strong manner of colouring, and which he transplanted into his miniatures, for which he is best known. In the latter part of his life he applied to enamelling, but died, before he had made great proficiency in that branch, in November, 1732, at about the age of fifty. He had several brothers, artists, one a medallist at Vienna, and another at Venice, a painter of views. Richter was member of a club with Dahl and several gentlemen, whose heads his brother modelled by the life, and from thence made medals in silver. I mention this as it may explain to collectors the origine of those medals, when they are met with. Sir William Rich, Grey Neville, and others, were of the club, and I think some foreign gentlemen.

JACQUES ANTOINE ARLAUD

was born at Geneva, May 18, 1668, and was designed for the church, but poverty obliged him to turn painter. At the age of twenty he quitted Geneva, worked at Dijon, and from thence repaired to Paris, where, succeeding in miniature, he was approved of by the academy and countenanced by the king. The regent admired him still more---I am almost afraid to repeat what follows, so much exaggeration seems to have been mixed with the account. Having copied a Leda, my author says from a basrelief of Michael Angelo, I rather suppose it was the famous Leda of Correggio destroyed



JAMES ANTHONY ARLAUD



stroyed by the bigotry of the regent's son, all Paris was struck with the performance. The duc de la Force gave twelve thousand livres for it, but the duke being a sufferer by the Mississippi [probably before the picture was paid for] restored it to Arlaud, with 4000 livres for the time he had enjoyed it. In 1721 Arlaud brought this chef d'œuvre to London, but would not sell it---but sold a copy of it, says the same author, for six hundred pounds sterling. This fact is quite incredible. The painter was at least so much admired, that he received many presents of medals, which are still in the library of Geneva. But poor Leda was again condemned to be the victim of devotion---in 1738 Arlaud himself destroyed her in a fit of piety, yet still with so much parental fondness, that he cut her to pieces anatomically. This happened at Geneva. Mons. de Champeau, then resident there from France, obtained the head and one foot of the dissected; a lady got an arm. The comte de Lautrec, then at Geneva, and not quite so scrupulous, rated Arlaud for demolishing so fine a work. The painter died May 25, 1743. These particularities are extracted from the poems of Mons. de Bar, printed at Amsterdam in 3 volumes, 1750. In the third volume is an ode on the Leda in question. Vertue speaks incidentally of the noise this picture made in London, but says nothing of the extravagant price of the copy. The duchess of Montagu has a head of her father when young, and another of her grandfather the great duke of Marlborough, both in water-colours by Arlaud. The celebrated count Hamilton wrote a little poem to him on his portrait of the pretender's sister. *See his works, vol. 4, p. 279.*

Mrs.

Mrs. H O A D L E Y,

whose maiden name was Sarah Curtis, was disciple of Mrs. Beal, and a paintress of portraits by profession, when she was so happy as to become the wife of that great and good man, Dr. Hoadley, afterwards bishop of Winchester. From that time she only practiced the art for her amusement; though if we may judge of her talents by the print from her portrait of Whifton, the art lost as much as she gained----but ostentation was below the simplicity of character that enobled that excellent family. She died in 1743. In the library at Chatsworth, in a collection of poems is one addressed by a lady to Mrs. Sarah Hoadley, on her excellent painting.

ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

C H A P. II.

Architects and other Artists, in the Reign of George I.

THE stages of no art have been more distinctly marked than those of architecture in Britain. It is not probable that our masters the Romans ever taught us more than the construction of arches. Those, imposed on clusters of disproportioned pillars, composed the whole grammar of our Saxon ancestors. Churches and castles were the only buildings, I should suppose, they erected of stone. As no taste was bestowed on the former, no beauty was sought in the latter. Masses to resist, and uncouth towers for keeping watch, were all the conveniencies they demanded. As even luxury was not secure but in a church, succeeding refinements were solely laid out on religious fabrics, till by degrees was perfected the bold scenery of Gothic architecture, with all its airy embroidery and penfile vaults. Holbein, as I have shown, checked that false, yet venerable style, and first attempted to sober it to classic measures; but not having gone far enough, his imitators, without his taste, compounded a mungrel species, that had no boldness, no lightness, and no system. This lasted till Inigo Jones, like his countryman

and cotemporary Milton, disclosed the beauties of ancient Greece; and established simplicity, harmony, and proportion. That school however was too chaste to flourish long. Sir Christopher Wren lived to see it almost expire before him; and after a mixture of French and Dutch ugliness had expelled truth, without erecting any certain style in its stead, Vanbrugh with his ponderous and unmeaning masses overwhelmed architecture in meer masonry. Will posterity believe that such piles were erected in the very period when St. Paul's was finishing?

Vanbrugh's immediate successors had no taste, yet some of them did not forget that there was such a science as regular architecture. Still there was a Mr. Archer, the groom-porter, who built Hethrop,* and a temple at Wrest; and one Wakefield, who gave the design of Helmsley; each of whom seemed to think that Vanbrugh had delivered the art from shackles, and that they might build whatever seemed good in their own eyes. Yet before I mention the struggles made by the art to resume its just empire, there was a disciple of Sir Christopher Wren that ought not to be forgotten; his name was

NICHOLAS HAWKSMOOR.

At eighteen he became the scholar of Wren, under whom during his life, and on his own account after his master's death, he was concerned

* St. Philip's church at Birmingham, Cliefden-house, and a house at Roehampton, (which as a specimen of his wretched taste may be seen in the Vitruvius Britannicus) were other works of the same person; but the chef d'œuvre of his absurdity was the church of St. John with four belfrys in Westminster.

cerned in erecting many public edifices. So early as Charles's reign he was supervisor of the palace at Winchester, and under the same eminent architect assisted in conducting the works at St. Paul's to their conclusion. He was deputy-surveyor at the building Chelsea-college, and clerk of the works at Greenwich, and was continued in the same post by king William, queen Anne, and George the first, at Kensington, Whitehall, and St. James's; and under the latter prince was first surveyor of all the new churches and of Westminster-abbey from the death of Sir Christopher, and designed several of the temples that were erected in pursuance of the statute of queen Anne for raising fifty new churches; their names are, St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard-street; Christ-church, Spital-fields; St. George, Middlesex; St. Anne, Limehouse; and St. George, Bloomsbury; the steeple of which is a master-stroke of absurdity, consisting of an obelisk, crowned with the statue of king George the First, and hugged by the royal supporters. A lion, an unicorn, and a king on such an eminence are very surprising:

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the devil they got there.

He also rebuilt some part of All-Souls college*, Oxford, the two towers over the gate of which are copies of his own steeple of St. Anne, Limehouse. At Blenheim and Castle-Howard he was associated with Vanbrugh, at the latter of which he was employed in erecting the magnificent mausoleum there when he died. He built
several

* Dr. Clarke, member for Oxford, and benefactor to that university, built three sides of the square called Peckwater at Christ-church, and the church of All Saints in the high street there.

several considerable houses for various persons, particularly Easton Neston in Northamptonshire; restored a defect in the minster of Beverley, by a machine of his own invention*; repaired in a judicious manner the west end of Westminster-abbey; and gave a design for the Ratcliffe library at Oxford. His knowledge in every science connected with his art is much commended, and his character remains unblemished. He died March 25, 1736, aged near seventy. The above particulars are taken from an account of him given in the public papers, and supposed by Vertue to be drawn up by his son-in-law Mr. Blackerby. Many of the encomiums I omit, because this is intended as an impartial register of, not as a panegyric on, our artists. When I have erred on either side, in commending or blaming, I offer but my own judgment, which is authority to nobody else, and ought to be canvassed or set right by abler decisions. Hawksmoor deviated a little from the lessons and practice of his master, and certainly did not improve on them; but the most distinguished architect was

JAMES GIBBS,

who without deviating from established rules, proved what has been seen in other arts, that meer mechanic knowledge may avoid faults, without furnishing beauties; that grace does not depend on rules; and that taste is not to be learnt. Virgil and Statius used the same number of feet in their verses; and Gibbs knew the proportions of the

* Of that machine by which he screwed up the fabric with extraordinary art, there was a print published.



A Bannerman sculp.

JAMES GIBBS.



the five orders as well as Inigo; yet the Banqueting-house is a standard, and no man talks of one edifice of Gibbs. In all is wanting that harmonious simplicity that speaks a genius---and that is often not remarked till it has been approved of by one. It is that grace and that truth, so much meditated, and delivered at once with such correctness and ease in the works of the ancients, which good sense admires and consecrates, because it corresponds with nature. Their small temples and statues, like their writings, charm every age by their symmetry and graces and the just measure of what is necessary; while pyramids and the ruins of Persepolis, only make the vulgar stare at their gigantic and clumsy grandeur. Gibbs, like Vanbrugh, had no aversion to ponderosity, but not being endued with much invention, was only regularly heavy. His praise was fidelity to rules; his failing, want of grace.

He was born at Aberdeen in 1683, and studied his art in Italy. About the year 1720 he became the architect most in vogue, and the next year gave the design of St. Martin's church, which was finished in five years, and cost thirty-two thousand pounds. His likewise was St. Mary's in the Strand, one of the fifty new churches, a monument of the piety more than of the taste of the nation. The new church at Derby was another of his works; so was the new building at King's college, Cambridge, and the senate-house there, the latter of which was not so bad as to justify erecting the middle building in a style very dissonant. The Ratchliffe library* is more exceptionable, and seems to have sunk into the ground; or, as Sarah Duchess of Marlborough said of another building, it looks as

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if

* At the opening the library, Gibbs was complimented by the university with the degree of master of arts.

if it was making a curtsy. Gibbs, though he knew little of Gothic architecture, was more fortunate in the quadrangle of All Souls, which has blundered into a picturesque scenery not void of grandeur, especially if seen through the gate that leads from the schools. The assemblage of buildings in that quarter, though no single one is beautiful, always struck me with singular pleasure, as it conveys such a vision of large edifices, unbroken by private houses, as the mind is apt to entertain of renowned cities that exist no longer.*

In 1728 Gibbs published a large folio of his own designs, which I think will confirm the character I have given of his works. His arched windows, his rustic-laced windows, his barbarous buildings for gardens, his cumbrous chimney-pieces, and vases without grace, are striking proofs of his want of taste. He got 1500*l.* by this publication, and sold the plates afterwards for 400*l.* more. His reputation was however established, and the following compliment, preserved

* It is the same kind of visionary enchantment that strikes in the gardens at Stowe. Though some of the buildings, particularly those of Vanbrugh and Gibbs, are far from beautiful, yet the rich landscapes occasioned by the multiplicity of temples and obelisks, and the various pictures that present themselves as we shift our situation, occasion surprise and pleasure, sometimes recalling Albano's landscapes to our mind, and oftener to our fancy the idolatrous and luxurious vales of Daphne and Tempe. It is just to add that the improvements made by lord Temple have profited of the present perfect style of architecture and gardening. The temple of Concord and Victory presiding over so noble a valley, the great arch designed by Mr. T. Pitt, and the smaller in honour of princess Amelie, disclosing a wonderfully beautiful perspective over the Elysian fields to the Palladian bridge, and up to the castle on the hill, are monuments of taste, and scenes, that I much question if Tempe or Daphne exhibited.

served by Vertue, on his monument of Prior in Westminster-abbey, shows that he did not want fond admirers :

While Gibbs displays his elegant design,
And Rysbrack's art does in the sculpture shine,
With due composure and proportion just
Adding new lustre to the finish'd bust,
Each artist here perpetuates his name,
And shares with Prior an immortal fame. T. W.

There are three prints of Gibbs, one from a picture of Huyssing, and another from one of Schryder, a Swiss, who was afterwards painter to the king of Sweden, and the third from Hogarth. Gibbs was afflicted with the gravel and stone and went to Spa in 1749, but did not die till August 5, 1754. He bequeathed an hundred pounds to St. Bartholomew's hospital, of which he was architect and governor, the same to the Foundling hospital, and his library and prints to the Ratcliffe library at Oxford, besides charities, and legacies to his relations and friends.

COLIN CAMPBELL,

A countryman of Gibbs, had fewer faults, but not more imagination. He published three large folios under the title of Vitruvius Britannicus, containing many of his own designs, with plans of other architects; but he did not foresee with how much more justice that title would be worn by succeeding volumes to be added to his works. One has already been given. The best of Campbell's designs, are Wanstead, the Rolls, and Mereworth in Kent: the latter avowedly copied from Palladio. Campbell was surveyor of the works at Greenwich hospital, and died in 1734.

JOHN

JOHN JAMES,

of whom I find no mention in Vertue's notes, was, as I am informed, considerably employed in the works at Greenwich; where he settled. He built the church there, and the house for sir Gregory Page at Blackheath, the idea of which was taken from Houghton. James likewise built the church of St. George Hanover-square, the body of the church at Twickenham, and that of St. Luke, Middlesex, which has a fluted obelisk for its steeple. He translated from the French some books on gardening.

----- CARPENTIERE,

or Charpentiere, a statuary much employed by the duke of Chandos at Canons, was for some years principal assistant to Van Olt, an artist of whom I have found no memorials, and afterwards set up for himself. Towards the end of his life, he kept a manufacture of leaden statues in Piccadilly, and died in 1737, aged above sixty.

*see MS note
in Vol. III.*

CHARLES CHRISTIAN REISEN,

the celebrated engraver of seals, was son of Christian Reisen of Drontheim in Norway*, who had followed the same profession, and who

* The father, on his voyage to England, had been driven by a storm to Scotland, and worked at Aberdeen for one Melvin, a goldsmith, for two years before he came to London, where he arrived on the second day of the great fire
in



J. Breckinridge, f.

CHARLES CHRISTIAN REISEN.



who with one Stykes were the first artists of that kind who had distinguished themselves in England. The father died here leaving a widow and a numerous family, the eldest of which was Charles Christian, who though scarce twenty had made so rapid a progress under his father's instructions, that he became the support of the family, and in a few years equalled any modern that had attempted the art of intaglia. He was born in the parish of St. Clement's Danes, and on account of his extraction was recommended to prince George, but being little versed in the language of his family, does not appear to have been particularly encouraged by his royal highness. The force of his genius however attracted the notice of such a patron as genius deserved, and always found at that time, Robert earl of Oxford, whose munificence and recommendation soon placed Christian (by which name he is best known) on the basis of fortune and fame. In the library and museum of that noble collector he found all the helps that a very deficient education had deprived him of; there he learned to see with Grecian and Roman eyes, and to produce heads after the antique worthy of his models; for though greatly employed on cutting arms and crests, and such tasteless fantasies, his excellence lay in imitating the heroes and empresses of antiquity. I do not find that he ever attempted cameo. The magic of those works, in which by the help of glasses we discover all the beauties of statuary and drawing, and even the science of anatomy, has been restricted to an age that was ignorant of microscopic glasses; a problem hitherto

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unresolved

in September, 1666. Here he first began to engrave seals, having been only a goldsmith before. Afterwards he was confined in the Tower for four years on suspicion of engraving dies for coining, but was discharged without a trial.

unresolved to satisfaction. Christian's fame spread beyond the confines of our island, and he received frequent commissions from Denmark, Germany, and France. Christian, as his fortune and taste improved, made a collection himself of medals, prints, drawings and books; and was chosen director of the academy under sir Godfrey Kneller. On the trial of bishop Atterbury, on a question relating to the impression of a seal, he was thought the best judge, and was examined accordingly. Vertue represents him as a man of a jovial and free, and even sarcastic temper and of much humour, an instance of which was, that being illiterate, but conversing with men of various countries, he had composed a dialect so droll and diverting, that it grew into a kind of use among his acquaintance, and he threatened to publish a dictionary of it. His countenance harmonized with his humour, and Christian's mazard was a constant joke; a circumstance not worth mentioning, no more than the lines it occasioned, but as they fell from the pen of that engaging writer, Mr. Prior. Sir James Thornhill having drawn an extempore profile of Christian, the poet added this distich,

This, drawn by candle-light and hazard,

Was meant to show Charles Christian's mazard.

This great artist lived chiefly in the neighbourhood of Covent-garden, so long the residence of most of our professors in virtù. He died there of the gout, December 15, 1725, when he had not passed the forty-sixth year of his age, and was buried in the church-yard on the north side next to the steps. He appointed his friend sir James Thornhill one of his executors, and dying a bachelor left the bulk of his fortune to a maiden sister who had constantly lived with him, and a portion to his brother John.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

C H A P. III.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE II.

IT is with complacency I enter upon a more shining period in the history of arts, upon a new æra; for though painting made but feeble efforts towards advancement, yet it was in the reign of George the Second that architecture revived in antique purity; and that an art unknown to every age and climate not only started into being, but advanced with master-steps to vigorous perfection, I mean, the art of gardening, or as I should chuse to call it, *the art of creating landscape*. Ryſbrack and Roubiliac redeemed ſtatuary from reproach, and engraving began to demand better painters, whoſe works it might imitate. The king, it is true, had little propenſity to refined pleaſures; but queen Caroline was ever ready to reward merit, and wiſhed to have their reign illuſtrated by monuments of genius. She enſhrined Newton, Boyle, and Locke: ſhe employed Kent, and ſat to Zincke. Pope might have enjoyed her favour, and Swift had it at firſt, till inſolent under the maſk of independence, and not content without domineering over her politics, ſhe abandoned him
to

to his ill-humour, and to the vexation of that misguided and disappointed ambition, that perverted and preyed on his excellent genius.

To have an exact view of so long a reign as that of George the Second, it must be remembered that many of the artists already recorded lived past the beginning of it, and were principal performers. Thus the style that had predominated both in painting and architecture in the two preceding reigns, still existed during the first years of the late king, and may be considered as the remains of the schools of Dahl and sir Godfrey Kneller, and of sir Christopher Wren. Richardson and Jervas, Gibbs and Campbell, were still at the head of their respective professions. Each art improved, before the old professors left the stage. Vanloo introduced a better style of draperies, which by the help of Vanaken became common to and indeed the same in the works of almost all our painters; and Leoni, by publishing and imitating Palladio, disencumbered architecture from some of the weight with which it had been overloaded. Kent, lord Burlington, and lord Pembroke, though the two first were no foes to heavy ornaments, restored every other grace to that imposing science, and left the art in possession of all its rights---yet still Mr. Adam and Mr. Chambers were wanting to give it perfect delicacy. The reign was not closed, when sir Joshua Reynolds ransomed portrait-painting from insipidity, and would have excelled the greatest masters in that branch, if his colouring were as lasting, as his taste and imagination are inexhaustible---but I mean not to speak of living masters,* and must

* This is the reason why no account is given here of that able master Mr. Scott, painter of sea-pieces, who ought to make a principal figure in this reign.

must therefore omit some of the ornaments of that reign. Those I shall first recapitulate were not the most meritorious.

HANS HUYSSING,

born at Stockholm, came over in 1700, and lived many years with Dahl, whose manner he imitated and retained. He drew the three eldest princesses, daughters of the king, in the robes they wore at the coronation. *and died in 1749 aged 67*

CHARLES COLLINS

painted all sorts of fowl and game. He drew a piece with a hare and birds and his own portrait in a hat. He died in 1744.

----- COOPER

*resided at Edinburgh?
see Scots Mag. for 1743 -*

imitated Michael Angelo di Caravaggio in painting fruit and flowers. He died towards the end of 1743.

BARTHOLOMEW DANDRIDGE,

son of a house-painter, had great business from his felicity in taking a likeness. He sometimes painted small conversations, but died in the vigour of his age.

----- DAMINI,

an Italian painter of history, was scholar of Pelegrini. He returned to his own country in 1730, in company with Mr. Hufsey, whose genius for drawing was thought equal to very great masters.

J E R E M I A H D A V I S O N

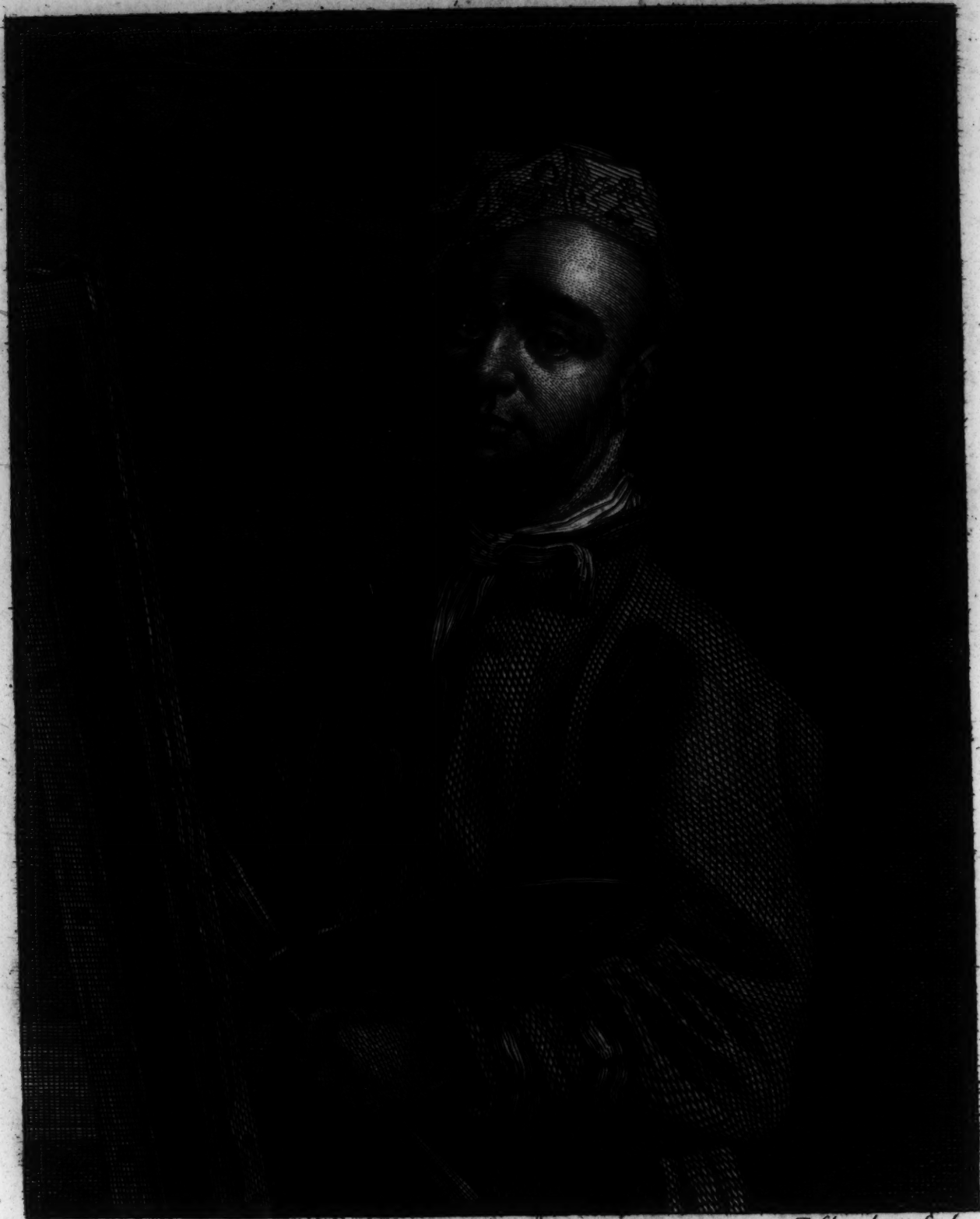
was born in England, of Scots parents. He chiefly studied fir Peter Lely, and with the assistance of Vanaken, excelled in painting sattins. Having got acquainted with the duke of Athol at a lodge of free-mafons, he painted his grace's picture and presented it to the society. The duke fat to him again with his duchefs, and patronized and carried him into Scotland; where, as well as in London, he had great bufinefs. He died the latter end of 1745, aged about fifty.

J O H N E L L I S,

born in 1701, was at fifteen placed with fir James Thornhill, and afterwards was a fhort time with Schmutz; but he chiefly imitated Vandrebank, to whose house and bufinefs he fucceeded; and by the favour of the duke of Montagu, great mafter of the wardrobe, purchased Vandrebank's place of tapestry-weaver to the crown, as by the intereft of fir Robert Walpole, for whom he bought pictures, he was appointed mafter-keeper of the lions in the Tower. In thefe eafy circumftances he was not very affiduous in his profefion.

PHILIP





Scipse pinxit.

T. Chambers Sculp.

PHILIP MERCIER.

PHILIP MERCIER,

of French extraction, but born at Berlin, studied there in the academy and under monsieur Pefne. After visiting France and Italy he went to Hanover, where he drew prince Frederic's picture, which he brought to England, and when his royal highness came over, Mercier was appointed his painter, became a favourite and was taken into his service and household; and by the prince's order drew several of the royal family, particularly the three eldest princesses, which pictures were published in mezzotinto. After nine years, he lost the favour of the prince of Wales, and was dismissed from his service. At first he talked of quitting his profession, retired into the country, and bought a small estate; but soon returned and took a house in Covent-garden, painting portraits and pictures of familiar life in a genteel style of his own, and with a little of Watteau, in whose manner there is an etching of Mercier and his wife and two of their children. There is another print of his daughter. Children too and their sports he painted for prints. From London he went to York, and met with encouragement, and for a short time to Portugal and Ireland; and died July 18, 1760, aged seventy-one.

JOSEPH FRANCIS NOLLIKINS,

of Antwerp, son of a painter who had long resided in England, but who had settled and died at Roan. The son came over young, and studied under Tillemans, and afterwards copied Watteau and Paulo Panini. He painted landscape, figures, and conversations, and particularly

ticularly the amusements of children. He was much employed by lord Cobham at Stowe, and by the late earl of Tilney. He died in St. Anne's parish, January 21, 1748, aged forty-two, and left a wife and a numerous young family. Slater painted in the same kind with Nollkins, and executed cieling and works in fresco at Stowe and at the earl of Westmorland's at Mereworth in Kent.

Wm?
see the print of Andrew Allan ROBINSON,

a young painter from Bath, had been educated under Vandrebank, but marrying a wife with 4 or 5000*l*. and taking the house in Cleveland-court in which Jervas had lived, he suddenly came into great business, though his colouring was faint and feeble. He affected to dress all his pictures in Vandyck's habits; a fantastic fashion with which the age was pleased in other painters too, and which, could they be taken for the works of that great man, would only serve to perplex posterity. Vanaken assisted to give some credit to the delusion. Robinson died when he was not above thirty, in 1745.

ANDREA SOLDI,

of Florence, arrived in 1735, being then about the age of thirty-three. He had been to visit the Holy Land, and at Aleppo having drawn the pictures of some English merchants, they gave him recommendations to their countrymen. For some time he had much business, and painted both portraits and history, but outlived his income and fell into misfortunes.

CHEVALIER

Francesco
CHEVALIER [^] RUSCA,

a Milanese, came over in 1738, and painted a few pictures here in a gawdy fluttering style, but with some merit. I think he staid here but a very few years.

STEPHEN SLAUGHTER

Succeeded Mr. Walton as supervisor of the king's pictures, and had been for some time in Ireland, where he painted several portraits. He had a sister that excelled in imitating bronzes and basreliefs to the highest degree of deception. He died at Kensington, whither he had retired, May 15, 1765. He was succeeded in his office of surveyor and keeper of the pictures by Mr. George Knapton, painter in crayons.

JAMES WORDS DALE

would have been little known, had he been distinguished by no talents but his pencil. He was apprentice to sir Godfrey Kneller, but marrying his wife's niece without their consent, was dismissed by his master. On the reputation however of that education, by his singing, excellent mimicry and facetious spirit, he gained many patrons and business, and was appointed master-painter to the board of ordnance. He * published several small pieces, songs, &c. besides the following dramatic performances :

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* Vide Victor's Companion to the Playhouse.

1. A Cure for a Scold, a ballad opera, taken from Shakespeare's Taming of a Shrew.
2. The Assembly, a farce, in which Mr. Worfdale himself played the part of lady Pentweezle admirably well.
3. The Queen of Spain.
4. The extravagant Justice.

He died June 13, 1767, and was buried at St. Paul's Covent-garden, with this epitaph composed by himself,

Eager to get, but not to keep the pelf,
A friend to all mankind, except himself.

RANELAGH BARRETT

was a noted copyist, who being countenanced by sir Robert Walpole, copied several of his collection, and others of the duke of Devonshire and Dr. Meade. He was indefatigable, and executed a vast number of works. He succeeded greatly in copying Rubens. He died in 1768, and his pictures were sold by auction in December of that year.

JOHN WOOTTON,

a scholar of Wyck, was a very capital master in the branch of his profession to which he principally devoted himself, and by which he was peculiarly qualified to please in this country; I mean, by painting horses and dogs, which he both drew and coloured with consummate skill, fire and truth. He was first distinguished by frequenting Newmarket and drawing race-horses. The prints from his hunting

ing-pieces are well known. He afterwards applied to landscape, approached towards Gaspar Pouffin, and sometimes imitated happily the glow of Claud Lorrain. In his latter pieces the leafage of his trees, from the failure of his eyes, is hard and too distinctly marked. He died in January, 1765, at his house in Cavendish-square, which he built, and had painted with much taste and judgment. His prices were high; for a single horse he has been paid 40 guineas; and 20, when smaller than life. His collection was sold before his death, on his quitting business; his drawings and prints January 21, 1761, and his pictures the 12th and 13th of March following.

GIACOMO AMICONI,

with Tormelle
a Venetian painter of history, came to England in 1729, when he was about forty years of age. He had studied under Bellucci in the Palatine court, and had been some years in the elector of Bavaria's service. His manner was a still fainter imitation of that nerveless master Sebastian Ricci, and as void of the glow of life as the Neapolitan Solimeni: so little attention do the modern Venetian painters pay to Titian, Tintoret, and Paul Veronese, even in Venice. Amiconi's women are meer chalk, as if he had only painted from ladies who paint themselves. Nor was this his worse defect; his figures are so entirely without expression, that his historical compositions seem to represent a set of actors in a tragedy, ranged in attitudes against the curtain draws up. His Marc Antonys are as free from passion as his Scipios. Yet novelty was propitious to Amiconi, and for a few years he had great business. He was employed to paint a staircase at lord Tankerville's in St. James's-square [now destroyed.] It represented

represented stories of Achilles, Télémachus and Tiresias. When he was to be paid, he produced bills of workmen for scaffolding, &c. amounting to ninety pounds, and asked no more; content, he said, with the opportunity of showing what he could do. The peer gave him 200*l.* more. Amiconi then was employed on the staircase at Powis-house in Great Ormond-street, which he decorated with the story of Holofernes, but with the additional fault of bestowing Roman dresses on the personages. His next work was a picture of Shakespeare and the muses over the orchestra of the new theatre in Covent-garden. But as portraiture is the one thing necessary to a painter in this country, he was obliged to betake himself to that employment,* much against his inclination; yet the English never perhaps were less in the wrong in insisting that a painter of history should turn limner; the barrenness of Amiconi's imagination being more suited to the inactive tameness of a portrait than to groupes and expression. The duke of Lorrain, afterwards emperor, was then at London and sat to him. He drew the queen and the three eldest princesses, and prints were taken from his pictures, which he generally endeavoured to emblematicize by genii and Cupids. In 1736 he made a journey to Paris with the celebrated singer Farinelli and returned with him in the October following. His portrait of Farinelli was engraved. He then engaged with Wagner, an engraver, in a scheme of prints from Canaletti's views of Venice, and having married an Italian singer, returned to his own country in 1739, having acquired here about 5000*l.* At last he settled in Spain, was appointed painter to the king, and died at Madrid, September 1752. Brunetti, an Italian,

* For a whole length he was paid sixty guineas.

Italian, who had arrived before Amiconi, and was a painter of architecture and ornaments, assisted the latter at lord Tankerville's and other places, and painted scenes for the opera. He etched some plates of grotesque ornaments, but left England for want of business.

JAMES SEYMOUR,

was thought even superior to Wootton in drawing a horse, but was too idle to apply himself to his profession, and never attained any higher excellence. He was the only son of Mr. James Seymour, a banker and great virtuoso, who drew well himself and had been intimate with Faithorne, Lely, Simon, and sir Christopher Wren, and died at the age of eighty-one, in 1739: the son in 1752, aged fifty.

JOHN BAPTIST VANLOO,

brother of Carlo Vanloo, a painter in great esteem at Paris, studied in the academy at Rome, and became painter to the king of Sardinia, in whose court he made a considerable fortune, but lost it all in the Mississippi, going to Paris in the year of that bubble. He was countenanced by the regent, and appointed one of the king's painters, though inferior in merit to his brother. At Paris he had the honour of drawing the portrait of king Stanislas. In 1737 he came to England with his son, when he was about the age of fifty-five. His first works here were the portraits of Colley Cibber and Owen Mac Swinney, whose long silver-grey hairs were extremely picturesque and contributed to give the new painter reputation. Mac Swinney was a remarkable person*, of much humour, and had been formerly a

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manager

* See more of him in Cibber's apology for his own life.

manager of the operas, but for several years had resided at Venice. He had been concerned in a publication of prints from Vandyck, ten whole lengths of which were engraved by Van Gunst. He afterwards engaged in procuring a set of emblematic pictures, exhibiting the most shining actions of English heroes, statesmen, and patriots. These were painted by the best masters then in Italy, and pompous prints made from them; but with indifferent success, the stories being so ill told, that it is extremely difficult to decypher to what individual so many tombs, edifices and allegories belong in each respective piece. Several of these paintings are in the possession of his grace the duke of Richmond.

Vanloo soon bore away the chief business of London from every other painter. His likenesses were very strong, but not favourable, and his heads coloured with force. He executed very little of the rest of his pictures, the draperies of which were supplied by Vanaken, and Vanloo's own disciples Eccardt and Root. However, Vanloo certainly introduced a better style; his pictures were thoroughly finished, natural, and no part neglected. He was laborious, and demanded five sittings from each person. But he soon left the palm to be again contended for by his rivals. He laboured under a complication of distempers, and being advised to try the air of his own country, Provence, he retired thither in October 1742, and died there in April 1746.

JOSEPH VANAKEN.

As in England almost every body's picture is painted, so almost every painter's works were painted by Vanaken. He was born at Antwerp,

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Antwerp, and excelling in sattins, velvets, lace, embroidery, &c. he was employed by several considerable painters here to draw the attitudes and dress the figures in their pictures; which makes it very difficult to distinguish the works of the several performers. Hogarth drew the supposed funeral of Vanaken, attended by the painters he worked for, discovering every mark of grief and despair. He died of a fever July 4, 1749, aged about fifty. He left a brother, who followed the same business.

There was another of the same surname, Arnold Vanaken, who painted small figures, landscapes, conversations, and published a set of prints of fishes, or the wonders of the deep. Arnold had a brother who painted in the same way, and scraped mezzotintos.

C L E R M O N T,

a Frenchman, was many years in England, painted in grotesque, foliages with birds and monkeys, and executed several cielings and ornaments of buildings in gardens; particularly a gallery for Frederic prince of Wales, at Kew; two temples in the duke of Marlborough's island near Windsor, called from his grotesques, Monkey-island; the cieling of lord Radnor's gallery, and of my Gothic library, at Twickenham; the sides of lord Strafford's eating-room in St. James's-square, from Raphael's loggie in the Vatican; and a cieling for lord Northumberland at Sion. Clermont returned to his own country in 1754.

CANALETTI,

Antonio CANALLETTI,

the well-known painter of views of Venice, came to England in 1746, when he was about the age of fifty, by persuasion of his countryman Amiconi, and encouraged by the multitudes of pictures he had sold to or sent over to the English. He was then in good circumstances, and it was said came to vest his money in our stocks. I think he did not stay here above two years. I have a perspective by him of the inside of King's-college chapel.

----- JOLI,

I think a Venetian, was in England in this reign, and painted ruins with historic figures, in the manner of Paolo Panini. At Joli's house I saw one of those pictures, in which were assembled as many blunders and improprieties as could be well contained in that compass. The subject was Alexander adorning the tomb of Achilles--- on a grave-stone was inscribed, Hic Jacet M. Achille, P. P. i. e. pater patriæ. The Christian Latin, the Roman M. for Marcus, the Pater Patriæ, and the Italian termination to Achilles, all this confusion of ignorance, made the picture a real curiosity.

GEORGE LAMBERT.

In a country so profusely beautified with the amœnities of nature, it is extraordinary that we have produced so few good painters of landscape. As our poets warm their imaginations with sunny hills, or
sigh



A Bannerman sculp.

GEORGE LAMBERT. —



figh after grottoes and cooling breezes, our painters draw rocks and precipices and castellated mountains, because Virgil gasped for breath at Naples, and Salvator wandered amidst Alps and Apennines. Our ever verdant lawns, rich vales, fields of haycocks, and hop-grounds, are neglected as homely and familiar objects. The latter, which I never saw painted, are very picturesque, particularly in the season of gathering, when some tendrils are ambitiously climbing, and others dangling in natural festoons; while poles, despoiled of their garlands, are erected into easy pyramids that contrast with the taper and upright columns. In Kent such scenes are often backed by sand-hills that enliven the green, and the gatherers dispersed among the narrow alleys enliven the picture, and give it various distances.

* Lambert, who was instructed by Haffel and at first imitated Wootton, was a very good master in the Italian style, and followed the manner of Gaspar, but with more richness in his compositions. His trees were in a great taste, and grouped nobly. He painted many admirable scenes for the playhouse, where he had room to display his genius; and, in concert with Scott, executed six large pictures of their settlements for the East-India company, which are placed at their house in Leadenhall-street. He died Feb. 1, 1765. He did a few landscapes in crayons.

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THOMAS

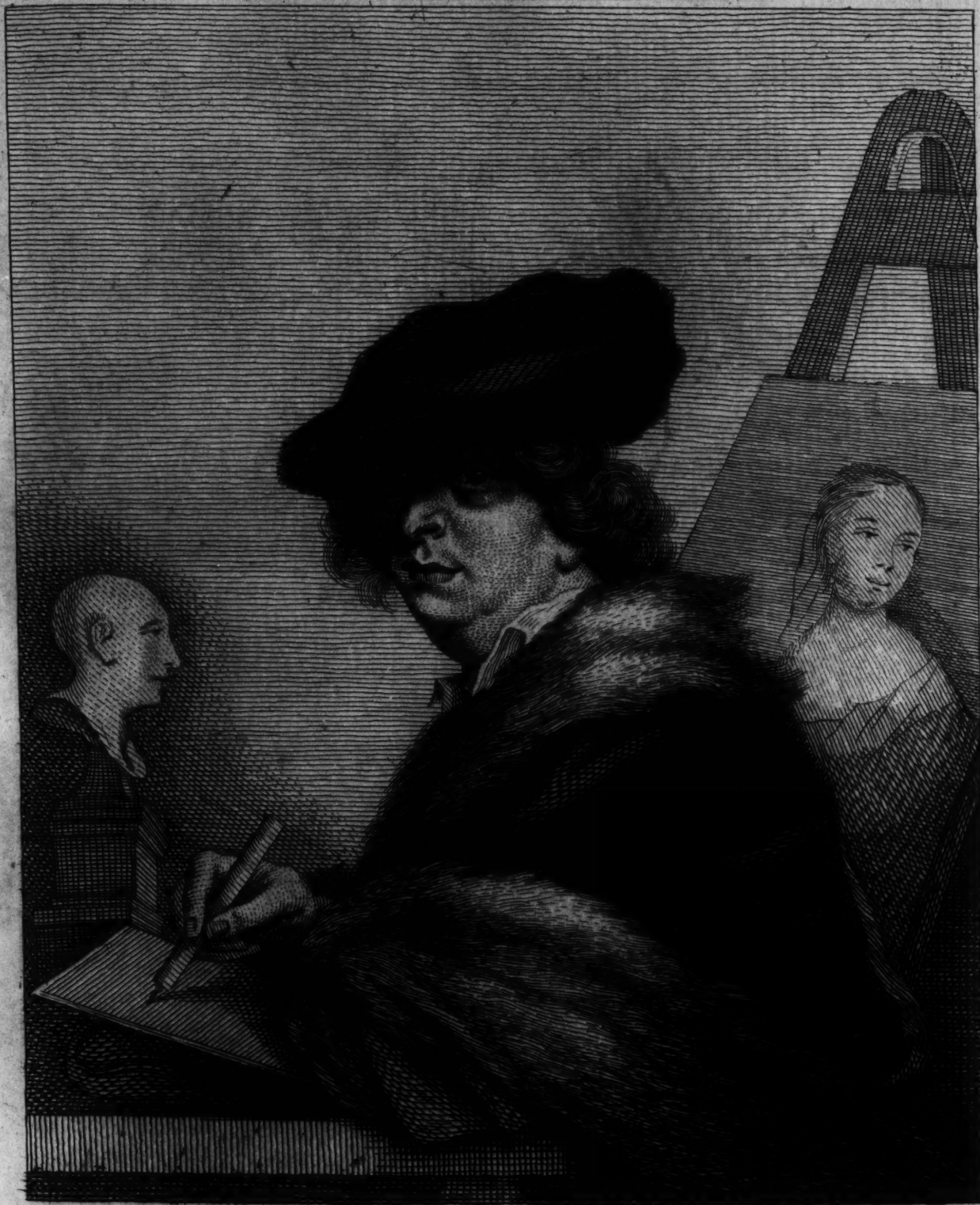
* There is a print by Smith of one John Lambert, Esq; painting an historic piece, from a portrait done by himself: I do not know whether he was related to George Lambert. *See Vol. III* *son of the General?*

T H O M A S W O R L I D G E

for the greater part of his life painted portraits in miniature: he afterwards with worse success performed them in oil; but at last acquired reputation and money by etchings in the manner of Rembrandt, proved to be a very easy task by the numbers of men who have counterfeited that master so as to deceive all those who did not know his works by heart. Worlidge's imitations and his heads in black-lead have grown astonishingly into fashion. His best piece is the whole length of sir John Astley, copied from Rembrandt: his print of the theatre at Oxford and the act there, and his statue of lady Pomfret's Cicero, are very poor performances. His last work was a book of gems from the antique. He died Sept. 23, 1766, at Hammer-smith, though latterly he resided chiefly at Bath. The following compliment to his wife, on seeing her copy a landscape in needle-work, was printed in the Public Advertiser;

At Worlidge's as late I saw
 A female artist sketch and draw,
 Now take a crayon, now a pencil,
 Now thread a needle, strange utensil!
 I hardly could believe my eyes
 To see hills, houses, steeples rise;
 While crewel o'er the canvass drawn
 Became a river or a lawn.
 Thought I---it was not said thro' malice,
 That Worlidge was oblig'd to Pallas;

For



Seipse pinxit.

T Chambers Sculp.

THOMAS WORLIDGE



For sure such art can be display'd
By none except the blue-ey'd maid!
To him the prude is tender-hearted----
The paintress from her easel started---
" Oh! sir, your servant---pray sit down:
My husband's charm'd you're come to town."---
For wou'd you think it?---on my life,
'Twas all the while the artist's wife.

I chose to insert these lines, not only in justice to the lady celebrated, but to take notice that the female art it records, has of late placed itself with dignity by the side of painting, and actually maintains a rank among the works of genius. Miss Gray was the first who distinguished herself by so bold an emulation of painting. She was taught by a Mr. Taylor, but greatly excelled him, as appears by their works at lord Spencer's at Wimbledon. His represents an old woman selling fruit to a Flemish woman, after Snyder: hers a very large picture of three recruiting-officers and a peasant, whole lengths ---in each, the figures are as large as life, but in hers whole lengths. This gentlewoman has been followed by a very great mistress of the art, Caroline countess of Ailesbury, who has not only surpassed several good pictures that she has copied, but works with such rapidity and intelligence, that it is almost more curious to see her pictures in their progress, than after they are finished. Besides several other works, she has done a picture of fowls, a water-dog and a heron, from Oudry, and an old woman spinning, whole length, from Velasco, that have greater force than the originals. As some of these masterly performances have appeared in our public exhibitions, I venture to appeal to that public, whether justice or partiality dictated this encomium.

ANECDOTES

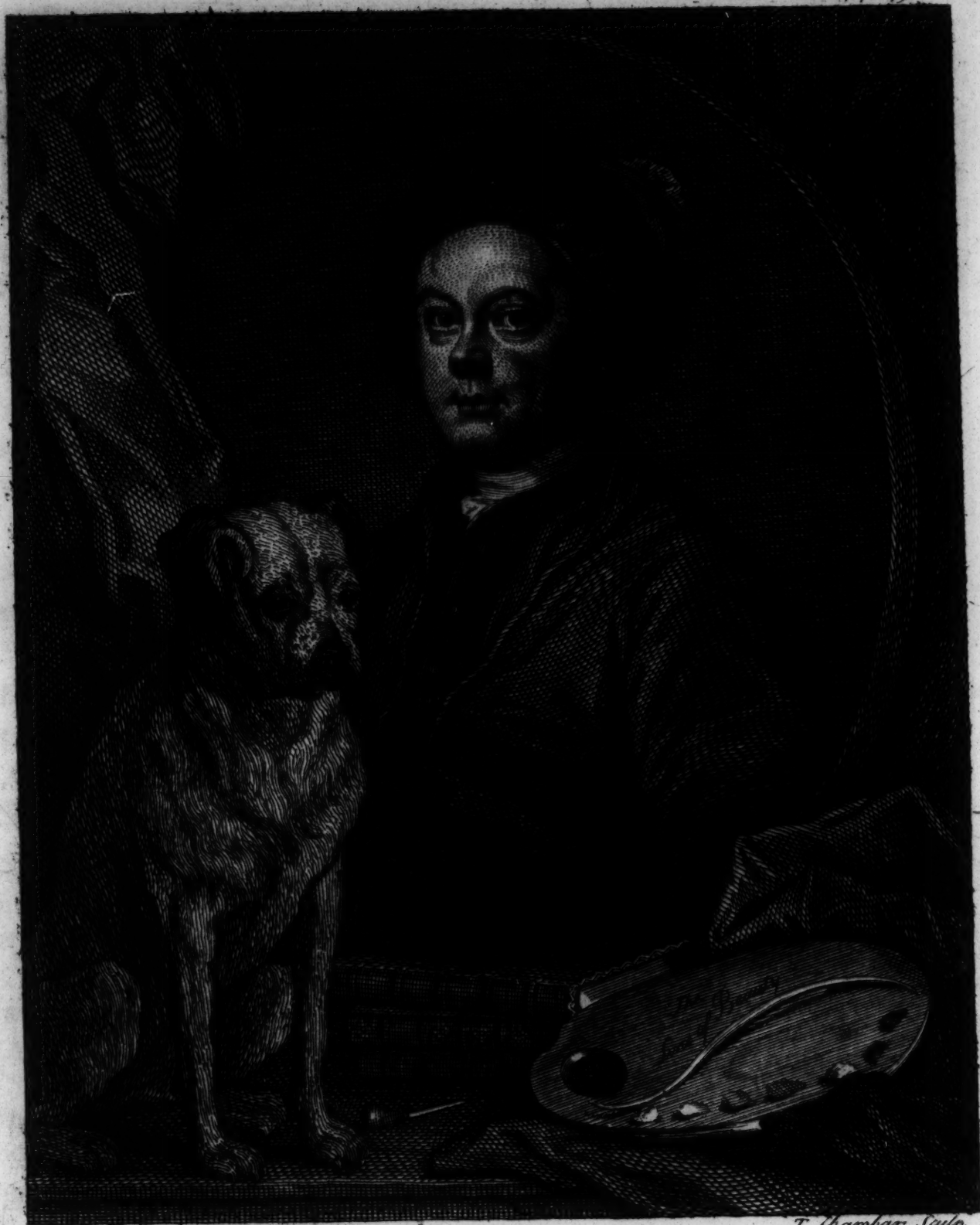
ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. IV.

Painters in the Reign of King GEORGE II.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

HAVING dispatched the herd of our painters in oil, I reserved to a class by himself that great and original genius, Hogarth; considering him rather as a writer of comedy with a pencil, than as a painter. If catching the manners and follies of an age *living as they rise*, if general satire on vices and ridicules, familiarized by strokes of nature, and heightened by wit, and the whole animated by proper and just expressions of the passions, be comedy, Hogarth composed comedies as much as Moliere: in his marriage a la mode there is even an intrigue carried on throughout the piece. He is more true to character than Congreve; each personage is distinct from the rest, acts in his sphere, and cannot be confounded with any other of the dramatis personæ. The alderman's footboy, in the last print of the set I have mentioned, is an ignorant rustic; and if wit is struck out from the characters in which it is not expected, it is from their acting conformably to their situation and from the mode of



Sculpse pinxit.

T. Chambers Sculp.

WILLIAM HOGARTH.



of their passions, not from their having the wit of fine gentlemen. Thus there is wit in the figure of the alderman, who when his daughter is expiring in the agonies of poison, wears a face of sollicitude, but it is to save her gold ring, which he is drawing gently from her finger. The thought is parallel to Moliere's, where the miser puts out one of the candles as he is talking. Moliere, inimitable as he has proved, brought a rude theatre to perfection. Hogarth had no model to follow and improve upon. He created his art; and used colours instead of language. His place is between the Italians, whom we may consider as epic poets and tragedians, and the Flemish painters, who are as writers of farce and editors of burlesque nature.* They are the Tom Browns of the mob. Hogarth resembles Butler, but his subjects are more universal, and amidst all his pleasantries, he observes the true end of comedy, reformation; there is always a moral to his pictures. Sometimes he rose to tragedy, not in the catastrophe of kings and heroes, but in marking how vice conducts insensibly and incidentally to misery and shame. He warns against encouraging cruelty and idleness in young minds, and discerns how the different vices of the great and the vulgar lead

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by

* When they attempt humour, it is by making a drunkard vomit; they take evacuations for jokes, and when they make us sick, think they make us laugh. A boor hugging a frightful frow is a frequent incident even in the works of Teniers. If there were painters in the Alps, I suppose they would exhibit Mars and Venus with a conjunction of swelled throats. I cannot deny myself the pleasure of observing that we actually possess a painter, who finishing as exquisitely as the Flemish, is a true master of comic nature. Need I say his name is Zaffanii?

by various paths to the same unhappiness. The fine lady in *Marriage à la mode*, and Tom Nero in the *Four Stages of Cruelty*, terminate their story in blood---she occasions the murder of her husband, he assassinates his mistress. How delicate and superior too is his satire, when he intimates in the College of Physicians and Surgeons that preside at a dissection, how the legal habitude of viewing shocking scenes hardens the human mind, and renders it unfeeling. The president maintains the dignity of insensibility over an executed corpse, and considers it but as the object of a lecture. In the print of the *Sleeping Judges*, this habitual indifference only excites our laughter.

It is to Hogarth's honour that in so many scenes of satire or ridicule, it is obvious that ill-nature did not guide his pencil. His end is always reformation, and his reproofs general. Except in the print of the *Times*, and the two portraits of Mr. Wilkes and Mr. Churchill that followed, no man amidst such a profusion of characteristic faces, ever pretended to discover or charge him with the caricature of a * real person; except of such notorious characters as Chartres and mother Needham, and a very few more, who are acting officially and suitably to their professions. As he must have observed so carefully the operation of the passions on the countenance, it is even wonderful that he never, though without intention, delivered the very features of any identical person. It is at the same time a proof of his intimate

* If he indulged his spirit of ridicule in personalities, it never proceeded beyond sketches and drawings; his prints touched the folly, but spared the person. Early he drew a noted miser, one of the sheriffs, trying a mastiff that had robbed his kitchen, but the magistrate's son went to his house and cut the picture to pieces.

intimate intuition into nature : but had he been too severe, the humanity of endeavouring to root out cruelty to animals would atone for many satires. It is another proof that he drew all his stores from nature and the force of his own genius, and was indebted neither to models nor books for his style, thoughts or hints, that he never succeeded when he designed for the works of other men. I do not speak of his early performances at the time that he was engaged by booksellers, and rose not above those they generally employ ; but in his maturer age, when he had invented his art, and gave a few designs for some great authors, as Cervantes, Gulliver, and even Hudibras, his compositions were tame, spiritless, void of humour, and never reach the merits of the books they were designed to illustrate. He could not bend his talents to think after any body else. He could think like a great genius rather than after one. I have a sketch in oil that he gave me, which he intended to engrave. It was done at the time that the House of Commons appointed a committee to enquire into the cruelties exercised on prisoners in the Fleet to extort money from them. The scene is the committee ; on the table are the instruments of torture. A prisoner in rags half starved appears before them ; the poor man has a good countenance that adds to the interest. On the other hand is the inhuman goaler. It is the very figure that Salvator Rosa would have drawn for Iago in the moment of detection. Villany, fear, and conscience are mixed in yellow and livid on his countenance, his lips are contracted by tremor, his face advances as eager to lie, his legs step back as thinking to make his escape ; one hand is thrust precipitately into his bosom, the fingers of the other are catching uncertainly at his button-holes. If this
was

was a portrait, it is the most speaking that ever was drawn; if it was not, it is still finer.

It is seldom that his figures do not express the character he intended to give them. When they wanted an illustration that colours could not bestow, collateral circumstances, full of wit, supply notes. The nobleman in *Marriage à la mode* has a great air---the coronet on his crutches, and his pedigree issuing out of the bowels of William the Conqueror, add his character. In the breakfast the old steward reflects for the spectator. Sometimes a short label is an epigram, and is never introduced without improving the subject. Unfortunately some circumstances, that were temporary, will be lost to posterity, the fate of all comic authors; and if ever an author wanted a commentary that none of his beauties might be lost, it is Hogarth---not from being obscure, [for he never was that but in two or three of his first prints where transient national follies, as lotteries, freemasonry, and the South-sea were his topics] but for the use of foreigners, and from a multiplicity of little incidents, not essential to, but always heightening the principal action. Such is the spider's-web extended over the poor's box in a parish-church; the blunders in architecture in the nobleman's seat seen through the window, in the first print of *Marriage à la mode*; and a thousand in the *Strollers dressing in a Barn*, which for wit and imagination, without any other end, I think the best of all his works: as for useful and deep satire, that on the Methodists is the most sublime. The scenes of Bedlam and the gaming-house, are inimitable representations of our serious follies or unavoidable woes; and the concern shown by the lord-mayor when the companion of his childhood is brought before him

as

as a criminal, is a touching picture, and big with humane admonition and reflection.

Another instance of this author's genius is his not condescending to explain his moral lessons by the trite poverty of allegory. If he had an emblematic thought, he expressed it with wit, rather than by a symbol. Such is that of the whore's setting fire to the world in the *Rake's Progress*. Once indeed he descended to use an allegoric personage, and was not happy in it: in one of his election prints Britannia's chariot breaks down, while the coachman and footman are playing at cards on the box. Sometimes too, to please his vulgar customers, he stooped to low images and national satire, as in the two prints of France and England, and that of the Gates of Calais. The last indeed has great merit, though the caricatura is carried to excess. In all these the painter's purpose was to make his countrymen observe the ease and affluence of a free government, opposed to the wants and woes of slaves. In *Beer-street* the English butcher tossing a Frenchman in the air with one hand, is absolute hyperbole; and what is worse, was an afterthought, not being in the first edition. The *Gin-alley* is much superior, horridly fine, but disgusting.

His *Bartholomew-fair* is full of humour; the *March to Finchley*, of nature: the *Enraged Musician* tends to farce. The *Four Parts of the Day*, except the last, are inferior to few of his works. The *Sleeping Congregation*, the *Lecture on the Vacuum*, the *Laughing Audience*, the *Consultation of Physicians as a coat of arms*, and the *Cockpit*, are perfect in their several kinds. The prints of *Industry* and *Idleness* have more merit in the intention than execution.

Towards his latter end he now and then repeated himself, but seldomer than most great authors who executed so much.

It may appear singular that of an author whom I call comic, and who is so celebrated for his humour, I should speak in general in so serious a style; but it would be suppressing the merits of his heart to consider him only as a promoter of laughter. I think I have shown that his views were more generous and extensive. Mirth coloured his pictures, but benevolence designed them. He smiled like Socrates, that men might not be offended at his lectures, and might learn to laugh at their own follies. When his topics were harmless, all his touches were marked with pleasantry, and fun. He never laughed like Rabelais at nonsense that he imposed for wit; but like Swift combined incidents that divert one from their unexpected encounter, and illustrate the tale he means to tell. Such are the hens roosting on the upright waves in the scene of the Strollers, and the devils drinking porter on the altar. The manners or *costume* are more than observed in every one of his works. The very furniture of his rooms describe the characters of the persons to whom they belong; a lesson that might be of use to comic authors. It was reserved to Hogarth to write a scene of furniture. The rake's levee-room, the nobleman's dining-room, the apartments of the husband and wife in *Marriage à la mode*, the alderman's parlour, the poet's bedchamber, and many others, are the history of the manners of the age.

But perhaps too much has been said of this great genius as an author, it is time to speak of him as a painter, and to mention the circumstances of his life, in both which I shall be more brief. His works are his history; as a painter, he had but slender merit.

He

He was born in the parish of St. Bartholomew, London, the son of a low tradesman, who bound him to a mean engraver of arms on plate; but before his time was expired he felt the impulse of genius, and felt it directed him to painting, though little apprized at that time of the mode nature had intended he should pursue. His apprenticeship was no sooner expired, than he entered into the academy in St. Martin's-lane, and studied drawing from the life, in which he never attained to great excellence. It was character, the passions, the soul, that his genius was given him to copy. In colouring he proved no greater a master: his force lay in expression, not in tints and chiaro scuro. At first he worked for booksellers, and designed and engraved plates for several books; and, which is extraordinary, no symptom of genius dawned in those plates. His *Hudibras* was the first of his works that marked him as a man above the common; yet what made him then noticed, now surprizes us to find so little humour in an undertaking so congenial to his talents. On the success however of those plates he commenced painter, a painter of portraits; the most ill-suited employment imaginable to a man whose turn certainly was not flattery, nor his talent adapted to look on vanity without a sneer. Yet his facility in catching a likeness, and the method he chose of painting families and conversations in small, then a novelty, drew him prodigious business for some time. It did not last, either from his applying to the real bent of his disposition, or from his customers apprehending that a satirist was too formidable a confessor for the devotees of self-love. He had already dropped a few of his smaller prints on some reigning follies, but as the dates are wanting on most of them, I cannot ascertain which, though those on the South-sea and Rabbit-woman prove that he had early discovered

vered his talent for ridicule, though he did not then think of building his reputation or fortune on its powers.

His *Midnight Modern Conversation* was the first work that showed his command of character: but it was the *Harlot's Progress*, published in 1729 or 1730 that established his fame. The pictures were scarce finished and no sooner exhibited to the public, and the subscription opened, than above twelve hundred names were entered on his book. The familiarity of the subject, and the propriety of the execution, made it tasted by all ranks of people. Every engraver set himself to copy it, and thousands of imitations were dispersed all over the kingdom. It was made into a pantomime, and performed on the stage. The *Rake's Progress*, perhaps superior, had not so much success, from want of novelty; nor indeed is the print of the arrest equal in merit to the others.

The curtain was now drawn aside, and his genius stood displayed in its full lustre. From time to time he continued to give those works that should be immortal, if the nature of his art will allow it. Even the receipts for his subscriptions had wit in them. Many of his plates he engraved himself, and often expunged faces etched by his assistants when they had not done justice to his ideas.

Not content with shining in a path untrodden before, he was ambitious of distinguishing himself as a painter of history. But not only his colouring and drawing rendered him unequal to the task; the genius that had entered so feelingly into the calamities and crimes of familiar life, deserted him in a walk that called for dignity and grace. The burlesque turn of his mind mixed itself with the most serious subjects. In his *Danae* the old nurse tries a coin of the golden shower with her teeth, to see if it is true gold: the *Pool of Bethesda*

Bethesda a servant of a rich ulcerated lady beats back a poor man that sought the same celestial remedy. Both circumstances are justly thought, but rather too ludicrous. It is a much more capital fault that Danae herself is a meer nymph of Drury. He seems to have conceived no higher idea of beauty.

So little had he eyes to his own deficiencies, that he believed he had discovered the principle of grace. With the enthusiasm of a discoverer he cried, Eureka! This was his famous line of beauty, the ground-work of his Analysis, a book that has many sensible hints and observations, but that did not carry the conviction nor meet the universal acquiescence he expected. As he treated his contemporaries with scorn, they triumphed over this publication, and imitated him to expose him. Many wretched burlesque prints came out to ridicule his system. There was a better answer to it in one of the two prints that he gave to illustrate his hypothesis. In the ball had he confined himself to such outlines as compose awkwardness and deformity, he would have proved half his assertion---but he has added two samples of grace in a young lord and lady, that are strikingly stiff and affected. They are a Bath beau and a county beauty.

But this was the failing of a visionary. He fell afterwards into a grosser mistake. From a contempt of the ignorant virtuosi of the age, and from indignation at the impudent tricks of picture-dealers, whom he saw continually recommending and vending vile copies to bubble-collectors, and from having never studied, indeed having seen, few good pictures of the great Italian masters, he persuaded himself that the praises bestowed on those glorious works were nothing but the effects of prejudice. He talked this language till he believed it; and having heard it often asserted, as is true, that time

gives a mellowness to colours and improves them, he not only denied the proposition, but maintained that pictures only grew black and worse by age, not distinguishing between the degrees in which the proposition might be true or false. He went farther: he determined to rival the ancients---and unfortunately chose one of the finest pictures in England as the object of his competition. This was the celebrated Sigismonda of sir Luke Schaub, now in the possession of the duke of Newcastle, said to be painted by Correggio, probably by Furino, but no matter by whom. It is impossible to see the picture or read Dryden's inimitable tale, and not feel that the same soul animated both. After many essays Hogarth at last produced *his* Sigismonda---but no more like Sigismonda, than I to Hercules. Not to mention the wretchedness of the colouring, it was the representation of a maudlin strumpet just turned out of keeping, and with eyes red with rage and usquebaugh, tearing off the ornaments her keeper had given her. To add to the disgust raised by such vulgar expression, her fingers were bloodied by her lover's heart that lay before her like that of a sheep's for her dinner. None of the sober grief, no dignity of suppressed anguish, no involuntary tear, no settled meditation on the fate she meant to meet, no amorous warmth turned holy by despair; in short all was wanting that should have been there, all was there that such a story would have banished from a mind capable of conceiving such complicated woe; woe so sternly felt and yet so tenderly. Hogarth's performance was more ridiculous than any thing he had ever ridiculed. He set the price of 400*l.* on it, and had it returned on his hands by the person for whom it was painted. He took subscriptions for a plate of it, but had the
sense

sense at last to suppress it. I make no more apology for this account than for the encomiums I have bestowed on him. Both are dictated by truth, and are the history of a great man's excellencies and errors. Milton, it is said, preferred his *Paradise Regained* to his immortal poem.

The last memorable event of our artist's life was his quarrel with Mr. Wilkes, in which if Mr. Hogarth did not commence direct hostilities on the latter, he at least obliquely gave the first offence by an attack on the friends and party of that gentleman. This conduct was the more surprizing, as he had all his life avoided dipping his pencil in political contests, and had early refused a very lucrative offer that was made to engage him in a set of prints against the head of a court-party. Without entering into the merits of the cause, I shall only state the fact. In September 1762, Mr. Hogarth published his print of the *Times*. It was answered by Mr. Wilkes in a severe *North-Briton*. On this the painter exhibited the caricature of the writer. Mr. Churchill, the poet, then engaged in the war, and wrote his epistle to Hogarth, not the brightest of his works, and in which the severest strokes fell on a defect that the painter had neither caused nor could amend---his age; and which however was neither remarkable nor decrepit; much less had it impaired his talents, as appeared by his having composed but six months before one of his most capital works, the satire on the Methodists. In revenge for this epistle, Hogarth caricatured Churchill under the form of a canonical bear, with a club and a pot of porter---et vitulâ tu dignus & hic---never did two angry men of their abilities throw mud with less dexterity.

Mr.

Mr. Hogarth, in the year 1730, married the only daughter of sir James Thornhill, by whom he had no children. He died of a dropfy in his breast, at his house in Leicester-fields, October 26, 1764.

He sold about twenty-four of his principal pictures by auction in 1745. Mr. Vincent Bourne addressed a copy of Latin hendecasyllables to him on his chief pictures; and Roquetti, the enameller, published a French explanation, though a superficial one, of many of his prints, which, it was said, he had drawn up for the use of marshal Belleisle, then a prisoner in England.

As I am possessed of the most compleat collection of his prints that I believe exists, I shall for the use of collectors give a catalogue of them. Most them were assembled by Mr. Arthur Pond, and some of them probably are now no where else to be found. I have added every other print that I could discover to have been designed or engraved by him. He had kept no suite himself, and had forgotten several in which he had been concerned. He gave me what few sketches had not been forced from him by his friends, particularly the Committee above-mentioned, and the first thoughts for Industry and Idleness.

Catalogue of Mr. HOGARTH's Prints.

CLASS I. MISCELLANEOUS.

1. His own cypher, with his name under it at length; a plate he used for his books.

2. His own head in a cap, oval frame, a pug dog, and a pallet with the line of beauty, &c. inscribed Guglielmus Hogarth. *Se ipse pinxit & sculpsit*, 1749. A square print.

3. His own portrait, sitting and painting the muse of comedy. Head profile, in a cap. *The Analysis of Beauty* on the floor. W. Hogarth serjeant-painter to his majesty. The face engraved by W. Hogarth, 1758.

4. The same; the face retouched, but not so like as in the preceding. Comedy also has the face and mask marked with black, and inscribed, *Comedy*, 1764. No other inscription but his name, William Hogarth.

5. An angel holding a palm in the left hand. A shop-bill.

6. Music introduced to Apollo by Minerva. 1727. Frontispiece to some book, music, or ticket for a concert.

7. Minerva sitting and holding the arms of Holland, four Cupids round her. Done for the books of John Holland, herald-painter.

8. Christ and his disciples; persons at a distance carried to an hospital. In as much as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me. *St. Matt. xxv. ver. 40.* W. Hogarth inv. C. Grignion sculp. Ticket for a charity.

9. Seven small prints for Apuleius's Golden Afs. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp. On some, W. Hogarth fec.

15. Gulliver presented to the queen of Babilary. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht sculp. It is the frontispiece to the Travels of Capt. John Gulliver.

16. Five small prints for the translation of Cassandra. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp.

20. Six larger for Don Quixote. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp.

26. Two small for Milton. W. Hogarth inv. & sc.

28. Frontispiece to Terræ-filius. W. Hogarth fec.

29. Frontispiece to Tom Thumb. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht sc. There is some humour in this print.

30. Frontispiece to the Humours of Oxford. W. Hogarth inv. Ger Vandergucht sc.

31. Judith and Holofernes. Per vulnera fervor, morte tuâ vivens. W. Hogarth inv. Ger. Vandergucht sc. A frontispiece.

32. Perseus, and Medusa dead, and Pegasus. Frontispiece to the books of the entertainment of Perseus and Andromeda. W. H. fec.

33. A monk leading an afs with a Scotch man and woman on it. Head-piece to the Jacobite's Journal. Though this was done in 1748, I place it here among his indifferent prints.

34. Eleven prints to Aubrey de la Motray's Travels. His name to each.

CLASS 2. PORTRAITS.

1. The right hon. Frances lady Byron. Whole length, mezzotinto. W. Hogarth pinx. J. Faber fec. 1736.

2. The

2. The right hon. Gustavus lord viscount Boyne, &c. &c. Whole length, mezzotinto. W. Hogarth pinx. Andrew Miller fecit. A very bad print, done in Ireland.

3. Martin Folkes: half length: engraved. Mine is a proof and has no inscription.

4. Sarah Malcolm, executed in 1732 for murdering her mistress and two other women; drawn in Newgate. W. Hogarth (ad vivum) pinxit & sculpsit. This woman put on red to sit to him for her picture two days before her execution. I have the original.

5. Simon lord Lovat, drawn from the life and etched in aquafortis by William Hogarth, 1746.

6. Mr. Pine, in the manner of Rembrandt. Mezzotinto, by Mc. Ardell.

7. Captain Thomas Coram, who obtained the charter for the Foundling-hospital. Mezzotinto, ditto.

8. Jacobus Gibbs, architectus. W. Hogarth delin. J. Mc. Ardell fec. partly mezzotinto, partly graved.

9. Daniel Lock, esq; mezzotinto; Wm. Hogarth pinx. J. Mc. Ardell fecit.

10. Benjamin Hoadley, bishop of Winchester. W. Hogarth pinx. B. Baron sculp.

11. Thomas Herring, archbishop of Canterbury. W. Hogarth p. B. Baron sculp..

12. Mr. Garrick, in the character of Richard III. Painted by Wm. Hogarth; engraved by Wm. Hogarth and C. Grignion.

13. T. Morell, S. T. P. S. S. A. W. Hogarth delin. James Bafire sculp.

14. Henry

14. Henry Fielding, ætatis 48. W. Hogarth del. James Basire sculp.

15. John Wilkes, esq. Drawn from the life and etched in aquafortis by Wm. Hogarth.

16. The Bruiser C. Churchill in the character of a Russian Hercules, &c. A Dutch dog pissing on the Epistle to Hogarth: a pallet, the North-Britons and a begging-box to collect subscriptions for them. Designed and engraved by W. Hogarth.

17. The same; but over the pallet lies a political print, in which the painter is correcting Churchill and Wilkes in the characters of a bear and monkey. Other satirical emblems behind.

CLASS 3. COMIC and SERIOUS PRINTS.

1. A burlesque on Kent's altar-piece at St. Clement's, with notes. It represents angels very ill drawn, playing on various instruments. I never saw but my proof which is on blue paper.

2. A midnight modern conversation.

3. Twelve prints for Hudibras, the large set.

4. The small set, containing seventeen prints with Butler's head.

5. A woman swearing a child to a grave citizen, with twelve English verses. W. Hogarth pinx. J. Symphon, jun. sculp. A very bad print.

6. Mary Tofts, the rabbit-woman of Godalmin, in labour. No name to it.

7. The Lilliputians giving a clyster to Gulliver. A Lilliputian painter's name to it. Hogarth sculp.

8. An

8. An emblematic print on the South-sea. Persons riding on wooden horses. The devil cutting Fortune into collops. A man broken on the wheel, &c. W. Hogarth inv. & sc.

9. A masquerade. There is much wit in this print. Invented for the use of ladies and gentlemen by the ingenious Mr. H-----r. (Heidegger.)

10. Another, smaller, on masquerades and operas. Burlington-gate, as in the following. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp.

11. The gate of Burlington-house. Pope white-washing it, and bespattering the duke of Chandos's coach. A satire on Pope's epistle on taste. No name.

12. The Lottery. Emblematic, and not good. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp.

13. Taste in high Life. A beau and a fashionable old lady. Painted by Mr. Hogarth. This was probably not published by himself.

14. Booth, Wilks and Cibber contriving a pantomime. A satire on farces. No name.

15. Charmers of the Age. A satire on stage-dancers. A sketch. No name. The two last very scarce.

16. Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn. Hogarth design. & sculp. Very indifferent.

17. The Mystery of Masonry brought to Light by the Gormogons. Stolen from Coypel's Don Quixote. W. Hogarth inv. & sc.

18. Sancho starved at Dinner by his Physician. W. Hogarth inv. & sculp.

19. Boys peeping at Nature. The subscription-ticket to the Harlot's Progress.
20. The Harlot's Progress, in six plates.
21. The Rake's Progress, in eight plates.*
22. The fourth plate of the same, with variations.
23. Two prints of Before and After.
24. The sleeping Congregation.
25. Bartholomew-fair.
26. A festoon with a mask, a roll of paper, a pallet and a laurel. Subscription-ticket for Garrick in Richard the Third.
27. The poor Poet.
28. The Lecture. Datur vacuum.
29. The laughing Audience.

30. Consultation.

* The Rake's Progress was pirated by Boitard on one very large sheet of paper, containing the several scenes represented by Mr. Hogarth. It came out about a fortnight before the genuine set, but was soon forgotten. However this gave occasion to Hogarth to apply for an act of parliament to secure the property of prints. He applied to Mr. Huggins, who took for his model the statute of queen Anne in favour of literary property. The act passed; but some years after appeared to be too loosely drawn, for on a cause founded on it, which came before lord Hardwick in chancery, he determined that no assignee, claiming under an assignment from the original inventor, could take any benefit by it. Hogarth immediately after the passing the act, published a small print with emblematic devices, and an inscription expressing his gratitude to the three branches of the legislature. This plate he afterwards made to serve for a receipt for subscriptions to the election-prints. Vide N^o 54 of this class.

Painters in the Reign of George II.

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30. Consultation of Physicians. Arms of the undertakers.
31. Rehearsal of an Oratorio. Singing men and boys.
32. The four Parts of the Day.
33. Strolling Actresses dressing in a Barn.
34. The Search-Night. W. Hogarth inv. A very bad print, and I believe an imposition.
35. The enraged Musician.
36. Characters and caricaturas, to show that Leonardo da Vinci exaggerated the latter. The subscription-ticket to Marriage a la Mode.
37. Marriage a la Mode, in six prints.
38. The Pool of Bethesda, from the picture he painted for St. Bartholomew's hospital, in which parish he was born. Engraved by Ravenet.
39. A stage-coach. An election-procession in the yard.
40. Industry and Idleness, in twelve plates.
41. An auction of pictures, duplicates of the same pictures. This was a ticket to admit persons to bid for his works at his auction.
42. The Gates of Calais. His own head sketching the view. He was arrested as he was making the drawing, but set at liberty when his purpose was known.
43. A stand of various arms, bagpipes, &c. The subscription-ticket for the March to Finchley.
44. The March to Finchley; dedicated to the king of Prussia, in resentment for the late king's sending for the picture to St. James's and returning it without any other notice.
45. Beer-street; two of them with variations; and Gin-lane.
46. The

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46. The Stages of Cruelty, in four prints.
47. Paul before Felix, designed and scratched in the true Dutch taste by W. Hogarth. This is a satire on Dutch pictures.
48. Paul before Felix, from the original painting in Lincoln's-inn hall painted by W. Hogarth. There is much less dignity in this than wit in the preceding.
49. The same, as first designed, but the wife of Felix was afterwards omitted, because St. Paul's hand was very improperly placed before her.
50. Columbus breaking the egg. The subscription-ticket to his Analysis.
51. The two prints to the Analysis.
52. France and England, two plates.
53. Two plates to Tristram Shandy.
54. Crowns, mitres, maces, &c. The Subscription-ticket to the Election.
55. Four prints of an election.
56. The sleeping Judges.
57. The Cockpit.
58. Frontispiece to the Farmer's Return from London.
59. The Wigs and Head-dresses at the Coronation of George III.
60. Credulity, Superstition and Fanaticism. Satire on the Methodists.
61. Frontispiece to Kirby's Perspective. Satire on false perspective.
62. Frontispiece to Brook Taylor's Perspective. With an attempt at a new order.

63. Frontispiece

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63. Frontispiece and tailpiece to the catalogue of pictures exhibited in 1761.

64. Time blackening a picture. Subscription-ticket for his Sigismonda. This and the preceding tailpiece are satires on connoisseurs.

65. The Times.

66. Tailpiece to his works. Another satire on dealers in dark pictures.

Hogarth, in his portrait-conversations, was imitated by Phillips, a young man, who acquired great business. He was son of a painter in oil, who died in 1741, aged about sixty. The son died much younger.

ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

CHAP. V.

Painters in Enamel and Miniature in the Reign of George II.

JOHN STEPHEN LIOTARD,

OF Geneva,* came over in the last reign, and stayed two years. He painted admirably well in miniature, and finely in enamel, though he seldom practiced it. But he is best known by his works in crayons. His likenesses were as exact as possible, and too like to please those who sat to him; thus he had great business the first year, and very little the second. Devoid of imagination, and one would think of memory, he could render nothing but what he saw before his eyes. Freckles, marks of the small-pox, every thing found its place; not so much from fidelity, as because he could not conceive the absence of any thing that appeared to him. Truth prevailed in all his works, grace in very few or none. Nor was there any ease in his outline; but the stiffness of a bust in all his portraits. Thence, though more faithful to a likeness, his heads want air and the softness of flesh, so conspicuous in Rosalba's pictures. Her bodies have a different

* He was born in 1702, and was designed for a merchant. He went to study at Paris in 1725, and in 1738 accompanied the marquis de Puisieux to Rome, who was going ambassador to Naples. At Rome he was taken notice of by the earls of Sandwich and Besborough, then lord Duncannon, who engaged Liotard to go with them on a voyage to Constantinople. See *Museum Florent.* vol. X, where lord Duncannon's name is spelt milord D'un Canon.





J. Bretherton. f

LIOTARD.

FREDERICK ZINCKE.

ferent fault; she gave to men an effeminate protuberance about the breasts; yet her pictures have much more genius. The earls of Harrington and Besborough have some of his most capital works. At Constantinople he became acquainted with the late lord Edgcumbe, and sir Everard Fawkener, our ambassador, who persuaded him to come to England. On his way he passed some time at Paris. In his journey to the Levant he adopted the eastern habit, and wore it here with a very long beard. It contributed much to the portraits of himself, and some thought to draw customers; but he was really a painter of uncommon merit. After his return, he married a young * wife, and sacrificed his beard to Hymen. He came again to England in 1772, and brought a collection of pictures of different masters, which he sold by auction; and some pieces of glass painted by himself with surprising effect of light and shade, but a mere curiosity, as it was necessary to darken the room before they could be seen to advantage; he affixed too, as usual, extravagant prices to them. He staid here about two years, as in his former journey. He has engraved some Turkish portraits, one of the empress queen and the eldest arch-duchess, in Turkish habits, and the heads of the emperor and empress.

FREDERIC ZINCKE

was born at Dresden about 1684, and came to England in 1706, where he studied under Boit, whom at length he not only surpassed, but rivalled Petitot. I have a head of Cowley by him after sir Peter Lely, which is allowed to excel any single work of that charming enameller. The impassioned glow of sentiment, the eyes swimming with youth and tenderness, and the natural fall of the long ringlets
that

* Maria Fargues, daughter of a merchant at Amsterdam

that flow round the unbuttoned collar, are rendered with the most exquisite nature, and finished with elaborate care. For a great number of years Mr. Zincke had as much business as he could execute; and when at last he raised his price from twenty to thirty guineas, it was occasioned by his desire of lessening his fatigue, for no man, so superior in his profession, was less intoxicated with vanity. He was particularly patronized by the late king and queen, and was appointed cabinet-painter to the late prince of Wales. Her royal highness princess Amelie has many portraits of the royal family by him of a larger than his usual size. The late duke of Cumberland bought several of his best works, particularly his beautiful copy of Dr. Meade's queen of Scots by Isaac Oliver. He made a short visit to his own country in 1737, and about 1746, his eyes failing, he retired from business to South-Lambeth, with a second wife, by whom he had three or four children. His first wife was a handsome woman, of whom he had been very fond; there is a print of him and her: he had a son by her, for whom he bought a place in the six clerks office, and a daughter, who died a little before he retired to Lambeth. After his quitting business, madame Pompadour prevailed upon him to copy in enamel a picture of the king of France, which she sent over on purpose. Mr. Zincke died in March, 1767.

R O U Q U E T,

a Swiss of French extraction, was many years in England, and imitated Mr. Zincke in enamel with some success. He afterwards settled at Paris and improved considerably. He published a small tract on the present state of the arts in England. I have mentioned his explanation of Hogarth's prints.

G R O T H,

G R O T H,

a German, painted in water-colours and enamel, but made no great proficiency.

B E R N A R D L E N S,

of a family of artists, whom I have mentioned in the Catalogue of Engravers, was an admirable painter in miniature. He painted some portraits in that way, but his excellence was copying the works of great masters, particularly Rubens and Vandyck, whose colouring he imitated exactly. He was painter to the crown by the title of enameller, which was changed from limner, when Boit held the office. Lens published some views and drawing-books, as he had many scholars. He made two sales of his pictures, and died at Knightsbridge, whither he had retired from business about 1741. He had three sons, two that followed his profession, of whom one is yet living.

J O S E P H G O U P Y

was another fine painter in water-colours, but in a different style from Lens. The latter stippled the faces, and finished highly; Goupy imitated the boldness of strokes in oil. The latter too copied many pictures of Italian masters, and excelled in imitating Salvator Rosa, from whose works he engraved some prints. He had the honour of teaching her royal highness the princess of Wales. His copies of the cartoons were sold to the duke of Chandos for 300*l.* but at the

duke's sale produced not 17 guineas. If the painter had exacted, the public had still less justice. Joseph died the latter end of 1747. He had an uncle, born in France from whence the family sprung, who came to England, and had already a brother here a fan-painter. Louis, of whom I speak, painted portraits in oil, and afterwards worked in fresco and crayons, and taught miniature. He had attended lord Burlington into Italy. There is a print of him by George White. His nephew Joseph, and Bernard Lens were two of our best miniature-painters, and their works worthy of any cabinet.

JAMES DEACON,

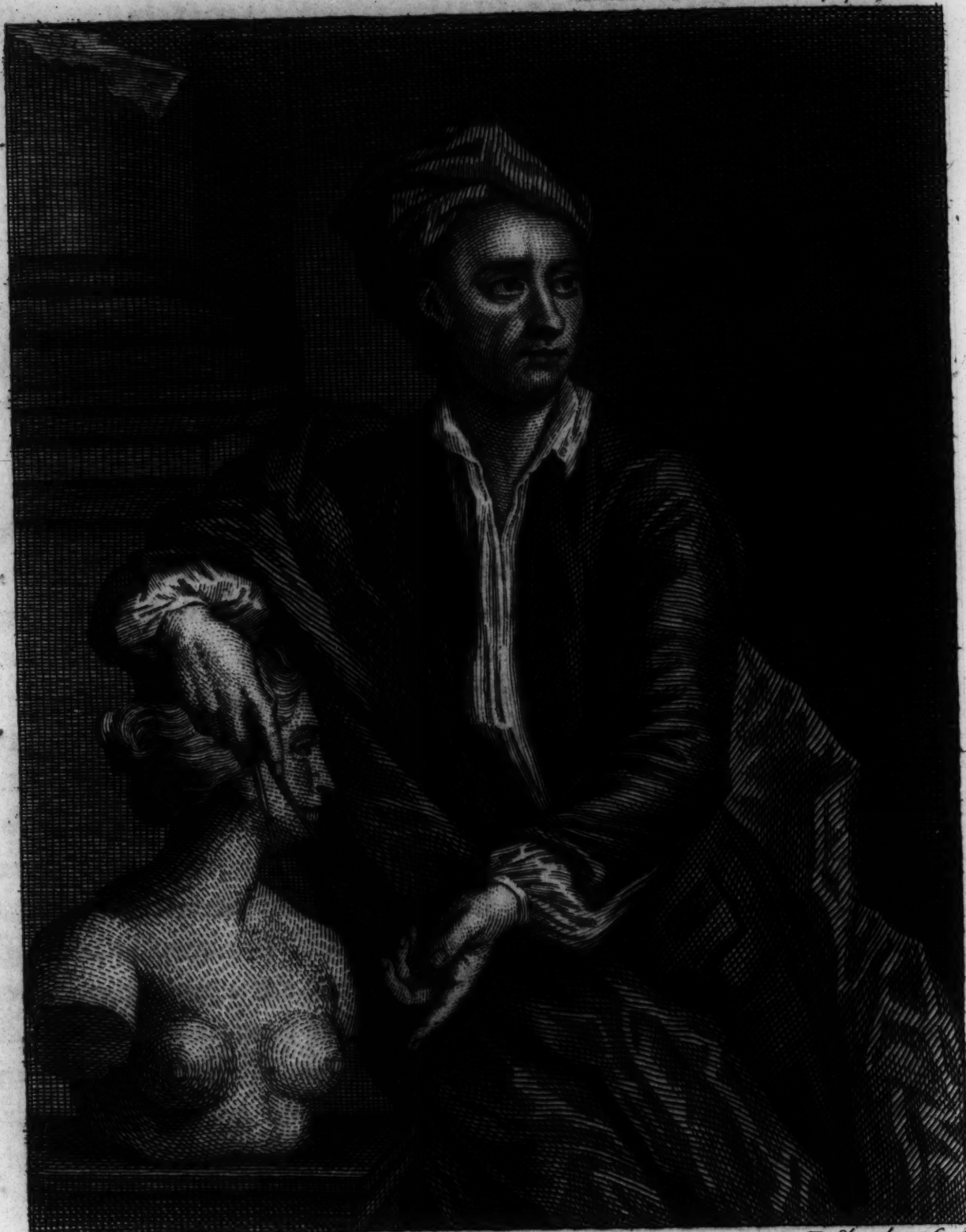
a gentleman of great talents for music and drawing, towards the end of his life engaged professedly in the business, took Mr. Zincke's house in Covent-garden, and painted portraits in miniature in a very masterly manner; but had scarce embarked in the profession, when he lost his life attending a cause at the Old Bailey, the day that the goal-distemper destroyed the judge, the lord-mayor, and so many of the audience, in May 1750.

Geo----- SPENCER

painted portraits in miniature, and lastly in enamel, with some merit. He died October 30, 1763.

STATUARIES.





J. Vanderbank pinxit.

T. Chambers Sculp.

MICHAEL RYSBRACK.

STATUARIES.

J. MICHAEL RYSBRACH,

The best sculptor that has appeared in these islands since Le Sœur, was born at Antwerp. His father was a landscape-painter, and had been in England, but quitted it with Largilliere and went to Paris, where he married, and returning to Brussels and Antwerp, died at the latter in 1726, at the age of fourscore. Michael his son arrived here in 1720, then about the age of twenty-six, and began with modelling small figures in clay, to show his skill. The earl of Nottingham sat to him for his bust, in which the artist succeeded so well, that he began to be employed in large works, particularly monuments. For some time he was engaged by Gibbs, who was sensible of the young man's merit, but turned it to his own account, contracting for the figures with the persons who bespoke the tombs, and gaining the chief benefit from the execution. Thus Gibbs received 100*l.* a piece from lord Oxford for the statues on Prior's monument, yet paid Rysbrach but 35*l.* each. The statuary, though no vain man, felt his own merit, and shook off his dependence on the architect, as he became more known and more admired. Business crowded upon him, and for many years all great works were committed to him; and his deep knowledge of his art and singular industry gave general satisfaction. His models were thoroughly studied,

studied, and ably executed ; and as a sculptor capable of furnishing statues was now found, our taste in monuments improved, which till Ryfbrach's time had depended more on masonry and marbles than statuary. Gothic tombs owed their chief grandeur to rich canopies, fretwork, and abundance of small niches and trifling figures. Bishops in cumbent attitudes and cross-legged templars admitted no grace, nor required any. In the reigns of queen Elizabeth and king James I. a single figure reclining at length on the elbow in robes or serjeant's gown, was commonly overwhelmed and surrounded with diminutive pillars and obelisks of various marbles ; and if particularly sumptuous, of alabaster gilt. Gibbs, in the duke of Newcastle's monument in the abbey, seems to have had an eye to that kind of tasteless expence. From the reign of Charles I. altar-tombs or mural tablets with cherubims and flaming urns, generally satisfied the piety of families. Bird indeed bestowed busts and basreliefs on those he decorated, but sir Cloudesly Shovel's, and other monuments by him, made men of taste dread such honours. Now and then had appeared a ray of simplicity, as in sir Francis Vere's and captain Hollis's tombs. The abilities of Ryfbrach taught the age to depend on statuary for its best ornaments, and though he was too fond of pyramids for back-grounds, his figures are well disposed, simple and great. We seem since to have advanced into scenery. Mr. Nightingale's tomb, though finely thought and well executed, is more theatric than sepulchral. The crouds and clusters of tombs in the abbey has imposed hard conditions on our sculptors, who have been reduced to couch obelisks in slanting windows, and rear masses into the air, while St. Paul's remains naked of ornaments ;
though

though it had better remain so, than be subjected to the indiscriminate expence of all who are willing to indulge their vanity.

Besides numbers more, Ryfbrach executed the monument of sir Isaac Newton and of the duke of Marlborough at Blenheim, and the equestrian statue in bronze of king William at Bristol in 1733, for which he received 1800*l.* Scheemaker's model, which was rejected, was however so well designed, that the city of Bristol made him a present of 50*l.* for his trouble. Ryfbrach made also a great many busts, and most of them very like, as of Mr. Pope, Gibbs, sir Robert Walpole, the duke and duchess of Argyle, the duchess of Marlborough, lord Bolingbroke, Wootton, Ben Johnson, Butler, Milton, Cromwell, and himself; the statues of king George I. and of king George II. at the Royal-Exchange; the heads in the hermitage at Richmond, and those of the English worthies in the Elysian-fields at Stowe.

This enjoyment of deserved fame was at length interrupted by the appearance of Mr. Scheemaker's Shakespeare in Westminster-abbey, which besides its merit, had the additional recommendation of Mr. Kent's fashionable name. I shall say something hereafter on the defects of that design. It however hurt the vogue of Mr. Ryfbrach, who, though certainly not obscured, found his business decline, as it was affected considerably afterwards by the competition of Mr. Roubiliac; and no merit can chain the fickleness of fashion. Piqued at Mr. Scheemaker's success, Ryfbrach produced his three statues of Palladio, Inigo Jones, and Fiamingo, and at last his chef d'œuvre, his Hercules; an exquisite summary of his skill, knowledge, and judgment. This athletic statue, for which he borrowed the head of

the Farnesian god, was compiled from various parts and limbs of seven or eight of the strongest and best made men in London, chiefly the bruisers and boxers of the then flourishing amphitheatre for boxing, the sculptor selecting the parts which were the most truly formed in each. The arms were Broughton's, the breast a celebrated coachman's, a bruiser, and the legs were those of Ellis the painter, a great frequenter of that gymnasium. As the games of that Olympic academy frequently terminated to its heroes at the gallows, it was soon after suppressed by act of parliament, so that in reality Ryfbrach's Hercules is the monument of those gladiators. It was purchased by Mr. Hoare, and is the principal ornament of the noble temple at Stourhead, that beautiful assemblage of art, taste, and landscapes.

Mr. Ryfbrach, who had by no means raised a fortune equal to his deserts, before his death made a public sale of his remaining works and models, to which he added a large collection of his own historic drawings, conceived and executed in the true taste of the great Italian masters. Another sale followed his death, which happened January 8, 1770. *aged 76*

1748 He had two brothers, Peter Andreas and G. Ryfbrachs, who painted fish, dead fowls and landscape, with considerable merit; particularly the elder, who was born at Paris in 1690, and died here of a consumption in 1648. In one of Michael's sales were some pieces of history by a Louis Ryfbrach; I do not know whether brother or nephew of the statuary, probably the latter; Peter, the eldest of all the brothers, had several children.

He had a scholar too, named Vander Hagen, who carved heads in ivory.

L. F.





Adrien Carpentiers pinx.

T. Chambers Sculp.

LEWIS FRANCIS ROUBILIAC

L. F. ROUBILIAC,

born at Lyons in France, became a formidable rival to Rysbrach, and latterly was more employed. He had little business till sir Edward Walpole recommended him to execute half the busts at Trinity-college, Dublin; and by the same patron's interest he was employed on the monument of the general, John duke of Argyle, in Westminster-abbey, on which the statue of Eloquence is very masterly and graceful. His statue of Handel, in the garden at Vauxhall, fixed Roubiliac's fame. Two of his principal works are the monuments of the late duke and duchess of Montagu in Northamptonshire, well performed and magnificent, but wanting simplicity. This able artist had a turn to poetry, and wrote satires in French verse. He died January 11, 1762, and was buried in the parish of St. Martin's, where he lived.

Signor GÜELPHI,

a scholar of Camillo Rusconi, was invited to England by lord Burlington, for whom he did many works in London and at Chiswick. He was some time employed in repairing the antiques at lord Pomfret's at Easton Neston, now at Oxford. His tomb of Mr. Craggs in Westminster is graceful and simple, but shows that he was a very indifferent sculptor. After a residence here of near twenty years he returned to his native Bologna in 1734.

L. DELVAUX,

L. DELVAUX

worked with Plumiere, and then with Bird. He went to Italy with Scheemaker in August 1728, staid four or five years, and then returned to England; but settled at last at Brussels. There is a good groupe by him at Stowe. For the late earl of Tilney he made a statue of Hercules; and the figure of Time for the duke of Buckingham's monument in Westminster-abbey. The duchess's figure was executed by Scheemaker.

A retainer of the art on a smaller scale was

JAMES FRANCIS VERSKOVIS,

an excellent carver in ivory, born in Flanders but settled at Rome, where he was so much employed by English travellers, that he concluded he should make a fortune in England: he came over---and starved. He executed whole figures in small and vases, with perfect taste and judgment, and carved also in wood. He had a son, who to the same arts added painting, but died young in 1749, before his father. The latter did not survive above a year.

It would be injustice to omit the late Mr. Goffet, and his nephew who has excelled his uncle, and carried the art of taking likenesses in wax to surprizing perfection.

MEDALLISTS.



W. Hibbard Sculp.

LAURENCE DELVAUX.



*MEDALLISTS.**JOHN DASSIER,*

Though never in England, is certainly entitled to a place in this catalogue. He was medallist to the republic of Geneva, and aspiring to be employed in the mint here, struck a series of the kings of England, in a better style than our medals had been of late years. Some of the heads indeed were not taken from true originals, but the temples and monuments on the reverses were well designed and executed. He published them by subscription in 1731, at six guineas for 33 medals in copper, and fifteen in silver. His brother James had been here three or four years before to endeavour to procure a place in our mint for John, but none being vacant, sir Andrew Fountaine, the celebrated virtuoso and patron of artists, and Mr. Conduit, who had married sir Isaac Newton's neice, and who were the persons then directing the mint, offered a pension of 50*l.* a year to Daffier till Mr. Croker should die; but he was not content with the offer. James Antony Daffier, nephew of John, came over, and on Croker's death in 1740, was next year appointed second engraver to the mint, and returned to Geneva in 1745. The uncle had executed a set of the reformers in smaller brass, and begun large medals of some of our great men then living; the nephew did several more, which were sold in copper at seven shillings and sixpence each,

and are very good performances, though inferior to the medals of the popes by Hamerani, and more inferior to those of St. Urbain, medallist to the last dukes of Lorrain. There is a beautiful and numerous suite of Roman history in small medals of bronze by the younger Daffier.

J. CHRISTOPHER TANNER,

of Saxe Gotha, came to England about 1733, and had practiced carving and graving for snuff-boxes, gun-locks, and in mother of pearl. He was retained as a domestic in the family of the prince of Wales, and by Mr. Conduit employed in the mint, where he rose to be principal engraver on the death of Mr. Croker. He did medals of the prince and princess of Orange and sir Isaac Newton, and the large family medal of the late king and queen and all their children.

LAURENCE NATTIER,

of Biberach in Suabia, was a good engraver of intaglias and medallist. He struck a fine medal of sir Robert Walpole, the reverse of which was copied from lord Leicester's statue of Cicero. He had studied in Italy, and afterwards resided several years in England. In 1746 he went to Holland to make a medal of the prince of Orange, as in 1743 he had been in Denmark with Marcus Tauscher, painter, architect and engraver, of Nuremberg, who arrived here from Italy in 1741, and brought a high-finished drawing of the great duke's
entrance

Medallists in the Reign of George II. 103

entrance into Florence, which he also executed with great labour for the empress-queen, who however did not purchase it. The king of Denmark bought the plate of the entry, and retained Tauscher in his service. Mr. Nattier published a well-known book on ancient gems, and died of an asthma December 27, 1763, at St. Peterburgh, whither he had been invited as principal engraver to the empress.

ANECDOTES

ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

C H A P. VI.

Architects in the Reign of George II.

IT was in this reign that architecture resumed all her rights. Noble publications of Palladio, Jones, and the antique, recalled her to true principles and correct taste; she found men of genius to execute her rules, and patrons to countenance their labours. She found more, and what Rome could not boast, men of the first rank who contributed to embellish their country by buildings of their own design in the purest style of antique composition. Before the glorious close of a reign that carried our arms and victories beyond where Roman eagles ever flew, ardour for the arts had led our travellers to explore whatever beauties of Grecian or Latin taste still subsisted in provinces once subjected to Rome; and the fine editions in consequence of those researches have established the throne of architecture in Britain, while itself languishes at Rome, wantons in tawdry imitations of the French in other parts of Europe, and struggles in vain at Paris to surmount their prepossession in favour of their own errors---for fickle as we call that nation, their music and architecture prove how long their ears and eyes can be constant to discord and disproportion.

GIACOMO

GIACOMO LEONI,

a Venetian, who had been architect to the elector Palatine, settled in England, and published a fine edition of Palladio in 1742. He was employed in building several houses, and died in 1746.

JOHN NICHOLAS SERVANDONI,

a celebrated architect, resided here some years, though having various talents, he was best known in his own country as a painter. He executed many scenes for the opera, and painted a staircase (in conjunction with one Andrea) at Mr. Arundel's, the corner of Burlington-street, now Mr. Townshend's. He also gave the design of the theatre of fireworks for the peace in 1746, soon after which he returned to Paris. He was born at Florence May 2, 1695, studied under Paolo Panini and Rossi, and was created a knight of the order of Christ. His genius was particularly turned to theatric machinery, of which he gave proofs at Dresden and Lisbon, and especially at Paris, where he was received into the academy of painting and sculpture, and where he contrived magnificent serious pantomimes in the *grande sale des machines*, besides fine decorations in several operas. An account of those shows may be seen in the fifth volume of the *Dictionnaire des Theatres*. His capital work was the facade of St. Sulpice, but the enormous masses of stone which he has heaped on the tops of the towers, and which are considerable enough to disfigure the view of the city itself, destroy the result of so superb a frontispiece.

T H O M A S R I P L E Y

was born in Yorkshire, and executed such considerable works that he must not be omitted, though he wanted taste and fell under the lash of lasting satire. Pope has twice mentioned him,

Who builds a bridge, that never drove a pile?
Should Ripley venture, all the world would smile.

And again,

And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.

The truth is, politics and partiality concurred to help on these censures. Ripley was employed by the minister, and had not the countenance of lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is no less true, that the admiralty is a most ugly edifice, and deservedly veiled by Mr. Adam's handsome screen. Yet Ripley, in the mechanic part, and in the disposition of apartments and conveniencies, was unluckily superior to the earl himself. Lord Orford's at Houghton, of which Campbell gave the original design, but which was much improved by Ripley, and lord Walpole's at Woolterton, one of the best houses of the size in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artist of the charge of ignorance. I must mention a more barbarous architect before I come to the luminaries of the science. This was

*Ripley died
in 1758*

B A T T Y L A N G L E Y,

who endeavoured to adapt Gothic architecture to Roman measures; as sir Philip Sidney attempted to regulate English verse by Roman feet.



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J. Bretherton, f.

HENRY HERBERT EARL OF PEMBROKE

feet. Langley went farther, and [for he never copied Gothic] *invented* five orders for that style. All that his books achieved, has been to teach carpenters to massacre that venerable species, and to give occasion to those who know nothing of the matter, and who mistake his clumsy efforts for real imitations, to censure the productions of our ancestors, whose bold and beautiful fabrics Sir Christopher Wren viewed and reviewed with astonishment, and never mentioned without esteem. Batty Langley published some other works, particularly an useful one on the prices of work and materials for building. He also invented an artificial stone, of which he made figures. An art lately brought to great perfection.

HENRY HERBERT Earl of PEMBROKE.

The soul of Inigo Jones, who had been patronized by his ancestors, seemed still to hover over its favourite Wilton, and to have assisted the muses of arts in the education of this noble person. The towers, the chambers, the scenes which Holbein, Jones and Vandyck had decorated, and which earl Thomas had enriched with the spoils of the best ages, received the last touches of beauty from earl Henry's hand. He removed all that obstructed the views to or from his palace, and threw Palladio's theatric bridge over his river: the present lord has crowned the summit of the hill with the equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, and a handsome arch designed by Mr. Chambers.

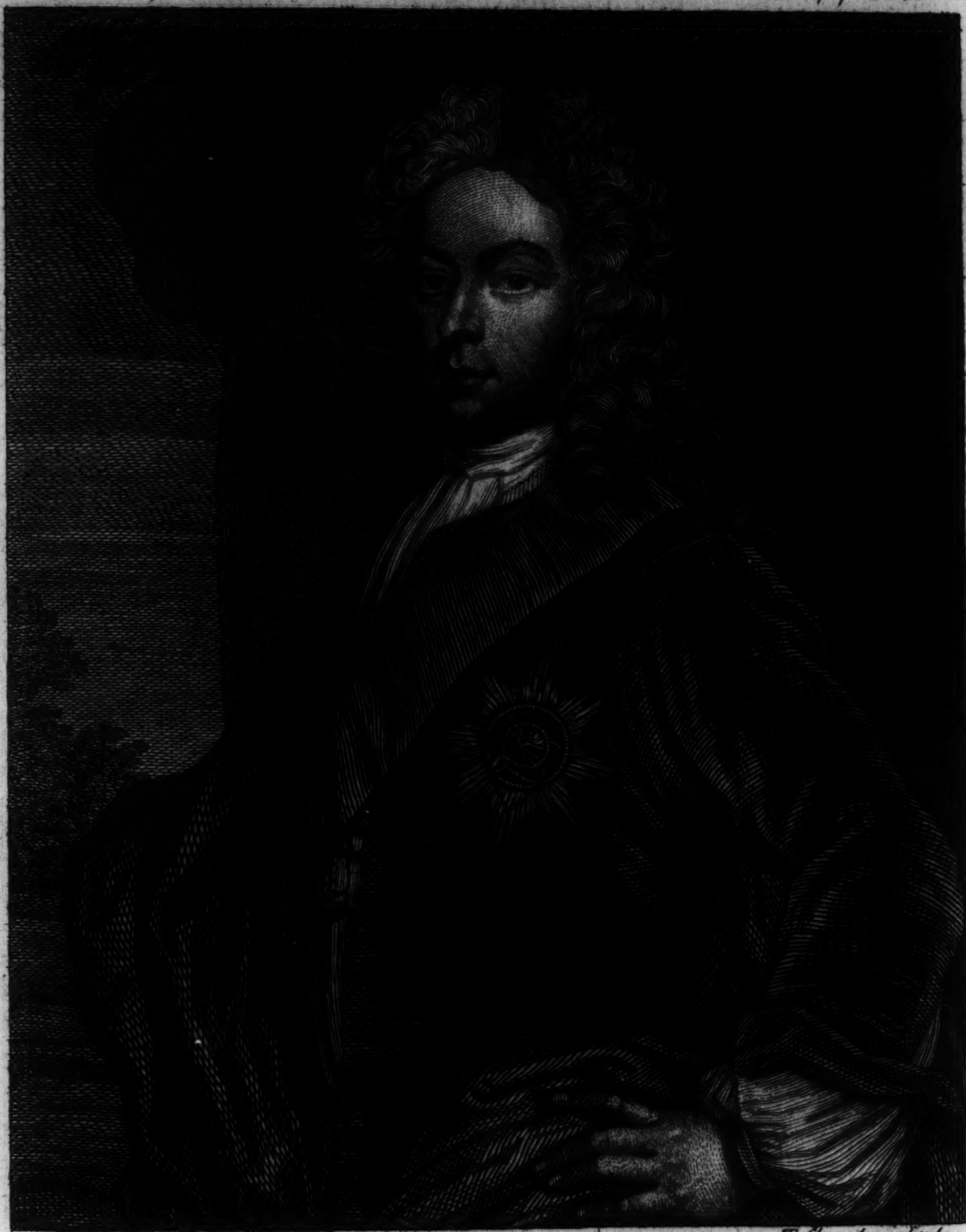
No man had a purer taste in building than earl Henry, of which he gave a few specimens, besides his works at Wilton. The new lodge in Richmond-park, the countess of Suffolk's house at Marble-hill,

hill, Twickenham, the water-house in lord Orford's park at Houghton, are incontestable proofs of lord Pembroke's taste. It was more than taste, it was passion for the utility and honour of his country that engaged his lordship to promote and assiduously overlook the construction of Westminster-bridge by the ingenious * monsieur Labeledye, a man that deserves more notice than this slight encomium can bestow.

RICHARD BOYLE Earl of BURLINGTON.

Never was protection and great wealth more generously and more judiciously diffused than by this great person, who had every quality of a genius and artist, except envy. Though his own designs were more chaste and classic than Kent's, he entertained him in his house till his death, and was more studious to extend his friend's fame than his own. In these sheets I have mentioned many other instances of the painters and artists he encouraged and rewarded. Nor was his munificence confined to himself and his own houses and gardens. He spent great sums in contributing to public works, and was known to chuse that the expence should fall on himself, rather than that his country should be deprived of some beautiful edifices. His enthusiasm for the works of Inigo Jones was so active, that he repaired the church of Covent-garden because it was the production of that great master, and purchased a gateway at Beaufort-garden in Chelsea, and transported the identical stones to Chiswick with religious attachment.

* Charles Labeledye died at Paris in the beginning of 1762. I know no particulars of his life: a monument he cannot want while the bridge exists.



J. Kneller pinxit

T. Chambers Sculp.

RICHARD BOYLE EARL of BURLINGTON



ment. With the same zeal for pure architecture he assisted Kent in publishing the designs for Whitehall, and gave a beautiful edition of the antique baths from the drawings of Palladio, whose papers he procured with great cost. Besides his works on his own estate at Lonsborough in Yorkshire, he new fronted his house in Piccadilly, built by his * father, and added the grand colonade within the court. As we have few samples of architecture more antique and imposing than that colonade, I cannot help mentioning the effect it had on myself. I had not only never seen it, but had never heard of it, at least with any attention, when soon after my return from Italy, I was invited to a ball at Burlington-house. As I passed under the gate by night, it could not strike me. At day-break looking out of the window to see the sun rise, I was surprised with the vision of the † colonade that fronted me. It seemed one of those edifices in fairy-tales that are raised by genii in a night's time.

His lordship's house at Chiswick, the idea of which is borrowed from a well-known villa of Palladio, is a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many correspondent doors in

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spaces

* That lord Burlington being asked why he built his house so far out of town, replied, because he was determined to have no building beyond him. Little more than half a century has so inclosed Burlington-house with new streets, that it is now in the heart of that part of London.

† Campbell, in his *Vitruvius Britannicus*, assumes to himself the new front of Burlington-house and the gateway, but as he takes no credit for the colonade, which is in a style very superior to his designs, we may safely conclude it was the earl's own.

spaces so contracted; chimnies between windows, and which is worse, windows between chimnies; and vestibules, however beautiful, yet too little secured from the damps of this climate. The trusses that support the cieling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive, and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb, than a library in a northern latitude. Yet these blemishes, and lord Hervey's wit, who said *the house was too small to inhabit, and too large to hang to one's watch*, cannot depreciate the taste that reigns in the whole. The larger court, dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic scenery of the small court that unites the old and new house, are more worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur, which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages. The garden is in the Italian taste, but divested of conceits, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculpture behind the garden-front should be retrenched.

Other works designed by lord Burlington, were, the dormitory at Westminster-school, the assembly-room at York, lord Harrington's* at Peterham, the duke of Richmond's house at Whitehall, and general Wade's in Cork-street. Both the latter were ill-contrived and inconvenient, but the latter has so beautiful a front, that lord Chesterfield said, *as the general could not live in it to his ease, he had better take a house over against it and look at it*. These are meer details relating

* The octagon buildings at each end were afterwards added by Sheperd.





WILLIAM KENT.

A. Bannerman sculp.

lating to this illustrious person's works.* His genuine praise is better secured in Mr. Pope's epistle to him.

I ought not to omit that his countess, lady Dorothy Tufton, had no less attachment to the arts than her lord. She drew in crayons, and succeeded admirably in likenesses, but working with too much rapidity, did not do justice to her genius. She had an uncommon talent too for caricature.

WILLIAM KENT.

Under the auspices of lord Burlington and lord Pembroke, architecture, as I have said, recovered its genuine lustre. The former, the Apollo of arts, found a proper priest in the person of Mr. Kent. As I mean no panegyric on any man, beyond what he deserved, or what to the best of my possibly erroneous judgment, I think he deserved, I shall speak with equal impartiality on the merits and faults of Kent, the former of which exceedingly preponderated. He was a painter, an architect, and the father of modern gardening. In the first character, he was below mediocrity; in the second, he was a restorer of the science; in the last, an original, and the inventor of an art that realizes painting, and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an Elysium, but Kent created many.

He was born in Yorkshire, and put apprentice to a coach-painter, but feeling the emotions of genius he left his master without leave, and repaired to London; where he studied a little, and gave indications

* Lord Burlington being consulted by the citizens for a proper person to carve the bas-relief in the pediment of the Mansion-house, his lordship replied, any body could do well enough for such a building.

by memory
* she drew a portrait of her daughter L^{dy} Euston from which a
mezz^o print has been engraved
& there is a print of Tassinelli & Heidegger from one of those caricatures

tions enough of abilities to excite a generous patronage in some gentlemen of his own county, who raised a contribution sufficient to send him to Rome, whither he accompanied Mr. Talman in 1710. In that capital of the arts he studied under cavalier Luti, and in the academy gained the second prize of the second class; still without suspecting that there was a sister art within his reach, more congenial to his talents. Though his first resources were exhausted, he still found friends. Another of his countrymen, sir John Wentworth, allowed him 40*l.* a year for seven years. But it was at Rome that his better star brought him acquainted with lord Burlington, whose sagacity discovered the rich vein of genius that had been hid from the artist himself. On their return to England in 1719, lord Burlington gave him an apartment in his own house, and added all the graces of favour and recommendation. By that noble person's interest Kent was employed in various works, both as a painter of history and portrait; and yet it must be allowed that in each branch partiality must have operated strongly to make his lordship believe he discovered any merit in his friend. His portraits bore little resemblance to the persons that sat for them; and the colouring was worse, more raw and undetermined than that of the most errant journeymen to the profession. The whole lengths at Esher are standing evidences of this assertion. In his cielings, Kent's drawing was as defective as the colouring of his portraits, and as void of every merit. I have mentioned Hogarth's parody, if I may call it so, of his picture at St. Clement's. The hall at Wanstead is another proof of his incapacity. Sir Robert Walpole, who was persuaded to employ him at Houghton, where he painted several cielings and the staircase, would not permit him however to work in colours, which would have been
still

still more disgraced by the presence of so many capital pictures, but restrained him to *chiaro scuro*. If his faults are thence not so glaring, they are scarce less numerous. He painted a staircase in the same way for lord Townshend at Rainham.

To compensate for his bad paintings, he had an excellent taste for ornaments, and gave designs for most of the furniture at Houghton, as he did for several other persons. Yet chaste as these ornaments were, they were often unmeasurably ponderous. His chimney-pieces, though lighter than those of Inigo, whom he imitated, are frequently heavy; and his constant introduction of pediments and the members of architecture over doors, and within rooms, was disproportioned and cumbrous. Indeed I much question whether the Romans admitted regular architecture *within* their houses. At least the discoveries at Herculaneum testify, that a light and fantastic architecture, of a very Indian air, made a common decoration of private apartments. Kent's style however predominated authoritatively during his life; and his oracle was so much consulted by all who affected taste, that nothing was thought compleat without his assistance. He was not only consulted for furniture, as frames of pictures, glasses, tables, chairs, &c. but for plate, for a barge, for a cradle. And so impetuous was fashion, that two great ladies prevailed on him to make designs for their birth-day gowns. The one he dressed in a petticoat decorated with columns of the five orders; the other like a bronze, in a copper-coloured sattin with ornaments of gold. He was not more happy in other works in which he misapplied his genius. The gilt rails to the hermitage at Richmond, were in truth but a trifling impropriety; but his celebrated monument of Shakespeare in the abbey was preposterous. What an

absurdity to place busts at the angles of a pedestal, and at the bottom of that pedestal! Whose choice the busts were I do not know, but though queen Elizabeth's head might be intended to mark the æra in which the poet flourished, why were Richard II. and Henry V. selected? Are the pieces under the names of those princes two of Shakespeare's most capital works? or what reason can be assigned for giving them the preference?

As Kent's genius was not universal, he has succeeded as ill in Gothic. The King's-bench at Westminster, and Mr. Pelham's house at Esher, are proofs how little he conceived either the principles or graces of that architecture. Yet he was sometimes sensible of its beauties, and published a print of Wolfey's noble hall at Hampton-court, now crowded and half hidden by a theatre. Kent gave the design for the ornaments of the chapel at the prince of Orange's wedding, of which he also made a print.*

Such of the drawings as he designed for Gay's Fables, have some truth and nature; but whoever would search for his faults, will find an ample crop in a very favourite work of his, the prints for Spencer's Fairy Queen. As the drawings were exceedingly cried up by his admirers, and disappointed the public in proportion, the blame was thrown on the engraver, but so far unjustly, that though ill executed, the wretchedness of drawing, the total ignorance of perspective, the want of variety, the disproportion of the buildings, and the awkwardness of the attitudes, could have been the faults of the inventor only. There are figures issuing from cottages not so high as their shoulders, castles in which the towers could not contain
an

* His vignettes to the large edition of Pope's works are in a good taste.

an infant, and knights who hold their spears as men do who are lifting a load sideways. The landscapes are the only tolerable parts, and yet the trees are seldom other than young beeches to which Kent as a planter was accustomed.

But in architecture his taste was deservedly admired; and without enumerating particulars, the staircase at lady Isabella Finch's in Berkeley-square is as beautiful a piece of scenery, and considering the space, of art, as can be imagined. The temple of Venus at Stowe has simplicity and merit, and the great room at Mr. Pelham's in Arlington-street, is as remarkable for magnificence. I do not admire equally the room ornamented with marble and gilding at Kensington. The staircase there is the least defective work of his pencil; and his ceilings in that palace from antique paintings, which he first happily introduced, show that he was not too ridiculously prejudiced in favour of his own historic compositions.

Of all his works, his favourite production was the earl of Leicester's house at Holkam in Norfolk. The great hall, with the flight of steps at the upper end, in which he proposed to place a colossal Jupiter, was a noble idea. How the designs of that house, which I have seen an hundred times in Kent's original drawings, came to be published under another name, and without the slightest mention of the real architect, is beyond comprehension. The bridge, the temple, the great gateway, all built, I believe, the two first certainly, under Kent's own eye, are alike passed off as the works of another; and yet no man need envy or deny him the glory of having oppressed a triumphal arch with an Egyptian pyramid. Holkam has its faults, but they are Kent's faults, and marked with all the peculiarities of his style.

As

As I intend to consider him as the inventor of modern gardening in a chapter by itself, I will conclude this account of him with the few remaining circumstances of his life. By the patronage of the queen, of the dukes of Grafton and Newcastle, and Mr. Pelham, and by the interest of his constant friend, he was made master carpenter, architect, keeper of the pictures, and, after the death of Jervas, principal painter to the crown; the whole, including a pension of 100*l.* a year which was given him for his works at Kensington, producing 600*l.* a year. In 1743 he had a disorder in his eyes that was thought paralytic, but recovered. But in March 1748 he had an inflammation both in his bowels and foot, which turned to a general mortification, and put an end to his life at Burlington-house, April 12, 1748, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. He was buried in a very handsome manner in lord Burlington's vault at Chiswick. His fortune, which with pictures and books, amounted to about ten thousand pounds, he divided between his relations, and an actress with whom he had long lived in particular friendship.*

ANECDOTES

* Henry Flitcroft was an artist much employed about this period. He built the church of St. Giles in the fields, the steeple of which too much resembled that of St. Martin. His too was the church of St. Olave, Southwark, reckoned the best of the new erections, but the tower was not finished from the deficiency of the allotted fund. Flitcroft is buried in the church-yard at Teddington, and against the church is a small tablet with a Latin inscription, which may be read from the road.

ANECDOTES of PAINTING, &c.

C H A P. VII.

On modern Gardening.

GARDENING was probably one of the first arts that succeeded to that of building houses, and naturally attended property and individual possession. Culinary, and afterwards medicinal herbs, were the objects of every head of a family: it became convenient to have them within reach, without seeking them at random in woods, in meadows, and on mountains, as often as they were wanted. When the earth ceased to furnish spontaneously all these primitive luxuries, and culture became requisite, separate inclosures for rearing herbs grew expedient. Fruits were in the same predicament, and those most in use or that demand attention, must have entered into and extended the domestic inclosure. The good man Noah, we are told, planted a vineyard, drank of the wine, and was drunken, and every body knows the consequences. Thus we acquired kitchen-gardens, orchards, and vineyards. I am apprized that the prototype of all these sorts was the garden of Eden, but as that Paradise was a good deal larger than any we read of afterwards, being inclosed by the rivers Pison, Gihon, Hiddekel, and Euphrates, as

every tree that was pleasant to the sight and good for food grew in it; and as two other trees were likewise found there, of which not a slip or sucker remains, it does not belong to the present discussion. After the fall no man living was suffered to enter into the garden; and the poverty and necessities of our first ancestors, hardly allowed them time *to make improvements on their estates* in imitation of it, supposing any plan had been preserved. A cottage and a slip of ground for a cabbage and a gooseberry-bush, such as we see by the side of a common, were in all probability the earliest seats and gardens: a well and bucket succeeded to the Pison and Euphrates. As settlements increased, the orchard and the vineyard followed; and the earliest princes of tribes possessed just the necessaries of a modern farmer.

Matters, we may well believe, remained long in this situation; and though the generality of mankind form their ideas from the import of words in their own age, we have no reason to think that for many centuries the term *garden* implied more than a kitchen-garden or orchard. When a Frenchman reads of the garden of Eden, I do not doubt but he concludes it was something approaching to that of Versailles, with clipt hedges, berceaus, and trellis-work. If his devotion humbles him so far as to allow that, considering who designed it, there might be a labyrinth full of Æsop's fables, yet he does not conceive that four of the largest rivers in the world were half so magnificent as an hundred fountains full of statues by Girardon. It is thus that the word *garden* has at all times passed for whatever was understood by that term in different countries. But that it meant no more than a kitchen-garden or orchard for several centuries, is evident from those few descriptions that are preserved of the most famous gardens of antiquity.

That

That of Alcinous, in the *Odyssæy*, is the most renowned in the heroic times. Is there an admirer of Homer who can read his description without rapture; or who does not form to his imagination a scene of delights more picturesque than the landscapes of Tinian or Juan Fernandez? Yet what was that boasted Paradise with which the gods ordain'd

To grace Alcinous and his happy land? POPE.

Why, divested of harmonious Greek and bewitching poetry, it was a small orchard and vineyard, with some beds of herbs and two fountains that watered them, inclosed within a quickset hedge. The whole compass of this pompous garden inclosed----four acres.

Four acres was th' allotted space of ground,

Fenc'd with a green inclosure all around.

The trees were apples, figs, pomgranates, pears, olives, and vines.

Tall thriving trees confess'd the fruitful mold;

The redning apple ripens into gold.

Here the blue fig with luscious juice o'erflows,

With deeper red the full pomegranate glows.

The branch here bends beneath the weighty pear,

And verdant olives flourish round the year.

* * * * *

Beds of all various herbs, for ever green,

In beauteous order terminate the scene.

Alcinous's garden was planted by the poet, enriched by him with the fairy gift of eternal summer, and no doubt an effort of imagination surpassing any thing he had ever seen. As he has bestowed on the same happy prince a palace with brazen walls and columns of silver,
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he certainly intended that the garden should be proportionably magnificent. We are sure therefore that as late as Homer's age, an inclosure of four acres, comprehending orchard, vineyard and kitchen-garden, was a stretch of luxury the world at that time had never beheld.

The hanging gardens of Babylon were a still greater prodigy. We are not acquainted with their disposition or contents, but as they are supposed to have been formed on terrasses and the walls of the palace, whither soil was conveyed on purpose, we are very certain of what they were not; I mean they must have been trifling, of no extent, and a wanton instance of expence and labour. In other words, they were what sumptuous gardens have been in all ages till the present, unnatural, enriched by art, possibly with fountains, statues, balustrades, and summer-houses, and were any thing but verdant and rural.

From the days of Homer to those of Pliny, we have no traces to lead our guess to what were the gardens of the intervening ages. When Roman authors, whose climate instilled a wish for cool retreats, speak of their enjoyments in that kind, they sigh for grottos, caves, and the refreshing hollows of mountains, near irriguous and shady founts; or boast of their porticos, walks of planes, canals, baths and breezes from the sea. Their gardens are never mentioned as affording shade and shelter from the rage of the dog-star. Pliny has left us descriptions of two of his villas. As he used his Laurentine villa for his winter-retreat, it is not surprising that the garden makes no considerable part of the account. All he says of it is, that the *gestatio* or place of exercise, which surrounded the garden (the latter

latter consequently not being very large) was bounded by a hedge of box, and where that was perished, with rosemary; that there was a walk of vines, and that most of the trees were fig and mulberry, the soil not being proper for any other sorts.

On his Tuscan villa he is more diffuse, the garden makes a considerable part of the description----and what was the principal beauty of that pleasure-ground? Exactly what was the admiration of this country about threescore years ago; box-trees cut into monsters, animals, letters, and the names of the master and the artificer. In an age when architecture displayed all its grandeur, all its purity, and all its taste; when arose Vespasian's amphitheatre, the temple of Peace, Trajan's forum, Domitian's baths, and Adrian's villa, the ruins and vestiges of which still excite our astonishment and curiosity; a Roman consul, a polished emperor's friend, and a man of elegant literature and taste, delighted in what the mob now scarce admire in a college-garden. All the ingredients of Pliny's corresponded exactly with those laid out by London and Wise on Dutch principles. He talks of slopes, terrasses, a wilderness, shrubs methodically trimmed, a marble basin, * pipes spouting water, a cascade falling into

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* The English gardens described by Hentzner in the reign of Elizabeth, are exact copies of those of Pliny. In that at Whitehall was a sun-dial and jet-d'eau, which on turning a cock spouted out water and sprinkled the spectators. In lord Burleigh's at Theobalds were obelisks, pyramids, and circular porticos, with cisterns of lead for bathing. At Hampton-court the garden walls were covered with rosemary, a custom, he says, very common in England. At Theobald's was a labyrinth also, an ingenuity I shall mention presently to have been frequent in that age.

the basin, bay-trees, alternately planted with planes, and a strait walk, from whence issued others parted off by hedges of box, and apple-trees, with obelisks placed between every two. There wants nothing but the embroidery of a parterre, to make a garden in the reign of Trajan serve for a description of one in that of king William.* In one passage above Pliny seems to have conceived that natural irregularity might be a beauty; in opere urbanissimo, says he, subita velut illati ruris imitatio. Something like a rural view was contrived amidst so much polished composition. But the idea soon vanished, lineal walks immediately enveloped the slight scene, and names and inscriptions in box again succeeded to compensate for the daring introduction of nature.

In the paintings found at Herculaneum are a few traces of gardens, as may be seen in the second volume of the prints. They are small square inclosures formed by trellis-work, and espaliers,† and regularly ornamented with vases, fountains and caryatides, elegantly symmetrical, and proper for the narrow spaces allotted to the garden of a house in a capital city. From such I would not banish those
playful

* Dr. Plot, in his natural history of Oxfordshire, p. 380, seems to have been a great admirer of trees carved into the most heterogeneous forms, which he calls *topiary works*, and quotes one Laurembergius for saying that the English are as expert as most nations in that kind of sculpture; for which Hampton-court was particularly remarkable. The doctor then names other gardens that flourished with animals, and castles, formed arte topiariâ, and above all a wren's nest that was capacious enough to receive a man to sit on a seat made within it for that purpose.

† At Warwick-castle is an ancient suit of arras, in which there is a garden exactly resembling these pictures of Herculaneum.

playful waters that refresh a sultry mansion in town, nor the neat trellis, which preserves its wooden verdure better than natural greens exposed to dust. Those treillages in the gardens at Paris, particularly on the Boulevard, have a gay and delightful effect.----They form light corridors, and transpicuous arbours through which the sunbeams play and chequer the shade, set off the statues, vases and flowers, that marry with their gaudy hotels, and suit the galant and idle society who paint the walks between their parterres, and realize the fantastic scenes of Watteau and Dufè.

From what I have said, it appears how naturally and insensibly the idea of a kitchen-garden slid into that which has for so many ages been peculiarly termed a garden, and by our ancestors in this country, distinguished by the name of a pleasure-garden. A square piece of ground was originally parted off in early ages for the use of the family---to exclude cattle and ascertain the property it was separated from the fields by a hedge. As pride and desire of privacy increased, the inclosure was dignified by walls; and in climes where fruits were not lavished by the ripening glow of nature and soil, fruit-trees were assisted and sheltered from surrounding winds by the like expedient; for the inundation of luxuries which have swelled into general necessities, have almost all taken their source from the simple fountain of reason.

When the custom of making square gardens inclosed with walls was thus established, to the exclusion of nature and * prospect,
pomp

* It was not uncommon, after the circumadjacent country had been shut out, to endeavour to recover it by raising large mounts of earth to peep over the walls of the garden.

pomp and solitude combined to call for something that might enrich and enliven the insipid and unanimated partition. Fountains, first invented for use, which grandeur loves to disguise and throw out of the question, received embellishments from costly marbles, and at last to contradict utility, tossed their waste of waters into air in spouting columns. Art, in the hands of rude man, had at first been made a *succedaneum* to nature; in the hands of ostentatious wealth, it became the means of opposing nature; and the more it traversed the march of the latter, the more nobility thought its power was demonstrated. Canals measured by the line were introduced in lieu of meandering streams, and terrasses were hoisted aloft in opposition to the facile slopes that imperceptibly unite the valley to the hill. Balustrades defended these precipitate and dangerous elevations, and flights of steps rejoined them to the subjacent flat from which the terrasses had been dug. Vases and sculpture were added to these unnecessary balconies, and statues furnished the lifeless spot with mimic representations of the excluded sons of men. Thus difficulty and expence were the constituent parts of those sumptuous and selfish solitudes; and every improvement that was made, was but a step farther from nature. The tricks of water-works to wet the unwary, not to refresh the panting spectator, and parterres embroidered in patterns like a petticoat, were but the childish endeavours of fashion and novelty to reconcile greatness to what it had forfeited on. To crown these impotent displays of false taste, the sheers were applied to the lovely wildness of form with which nature has distinguished each various species of tree and shrub. The venerable oak, the romantic beech, the useful elm, even the aspiring circuit of the lime,
the

the regular round of the chesnut, and the almost moulded orange-tree, were corrected by such fantastic admirers of symmetry. The compass and square were of more use in plantations than the nurseryman. The measured walk, the quincunx, and the etoile imposed their unsatisfying sameness on every royal and noble garden. Trees were headed, and their sides pared away; many French groves seem green chests set upon poles. Seats of marble, arbours and summer-houses, terminated every vista; and symmetry, even where the space was too large to permit its being remarked at one view, was so essential, that, as Pope observed,

----- each alley has a brother,

And half the garden just reflects the other.

Knots of flowers were more defensibly subjected to the same regularity. Leisure, as Milton expressed it,

in trim gardens took his pleasure.

In the garden of marshal de Biron at Paris, consisting of fourteen acres, every walk is buttoned on each side by lines of flower-pots, which succeed in their seasons. When I saw it, there were nine thousand pots of Asters, or la Reine Marguerite.

We do not precisely know what our ancestors meant by a bower, it was probably an arbour; sometimes it meant the whole frittered inclosure, and in one instance it certainly included a labyrinth. Rosamond's bower was indisputably of that kind, though whether composed of walls or hedges we cannot determine. A square and a round labyrinth were so capital ingredients of a garden formerly, that in Du Cerceau's architecture, who lived in the time of Charles IX. and Henry III. there is scarce a ground-plot without one of each.

The enchantment of antique appellations has consecrated a pleasing idea of a royal residence, of which we now regret the extinction. Havering in the Bower, the jointure of many dowager queens, conveys to us the notion of a romantic scene.

In Kip's views of the seats of our nobility and gentry, we see the same tiresome and returning uniformity. Every house is approached by two or three gardens, consisting perhaps of a gravel-walk and two grass-plats, or borders of flowers. Each rises above the other by two or three steps, and as many walls and terrasses; and so many iron-gates, that we recollect those ancient romances, in which every entrance was guarded by nymphs or dragons. At lady Orford's at Piddletown in Dorsetshire, there was, when my brother married, a double inclosure of thirteen gardens, each I suppose not an hundred feet square, with an enfilade of correspondent gates; and before you arrived at these, you passed a narrow gut between two stone terrasses, that rose above your head, and which were crowned by a line of pyramidal yews. A bowling-green was all the lawn admitted in those times, a circular lake the extent of magnificence.

Yet though these and such preposterous inconveniencies prevailed from age to age, good sense in this country had perceived the want of something at once more grand and more natural. These reflections and the bounds set to the waste made by royal spoilers, gave origine to parks. They were contracted forests, and extended gardens. Hentzner says, that according to Rous of Warwick the first park was that at Woodstock. If so, it might be the foundation of a legend that Henry II. secured his mistress in a labyrinth: it was no doubt more difficult to find her in a park than in a palace, when the intricacy

intricacy of the woods and various lodges buried in covert might conceal her actual habitation.

It is more extraordinary that having so long ago stumbled on the principle of modern gardening, we should have persisted in retaining its reverse, symmetrical and unnatural gardens. That parks were rare in other countries, Hentzner, who travelled over great part of Europe, leads us to suppose, by observing that they were common in England. In France they retain the name, but nothing is more different both in compass and disposition. Their parks are usually square or oblong inclosures, regularly planted with walks of chestnuts or limes, and generally every large town has one for its public recreation. They are exactly like Burton's court at Chelsea-college, and rarely larger.

One man, one great man we had, on whom nor education nor custom could impose their prejudices; who, *on evil days though fallen, and with darkness and solitude compassed round*, judged that the mistaken and fantastic ornaments he had seen in gardens, were unworthy of the almighty hand that planted the delights of Paradise. He seems with the prophetic eye of taste [as I have heard taste well defined] to have conceived, to have foreseen modern gardening; as lord Bacon announced the discoveries since made by experimental philosophy. The description of Eden is a warmer and more just picture of the present style than Claud Lorrain could have painted from Hagley or Stourhead. The first lines I shall quote, exhibit Stourhead on a more magnificent scale.

Thro' Eden went a river large,
Nor chang'd his course, but thro' the shaggy hill

Pas'd

Pass'd underneath ingulph'd, for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden-mound, high rais'd
 Upon the rapid current----

Hagley seems pictured in what follows,

which thro' veins

Of porous earth with kindly thirst updrawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Water'd the garden----

What colouring, what freedom of pencil, what landscape in these
 lines,

---- from that saphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not *nice art*
 In beds and curious knots, but *nature* boon
 Pour'd forth profuse on hill and dale and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The *open field*, and where the unpierc'd shade
 Imbrown'd the noon-tide bow'rs.---*Thus was this place*
A happy rural seat of various view.

Read this transporting description, paint to your mind the scenes
 that follow, contrast them with the savage but respectable terror
 with which the poet guards the bounds of his Paradise, fenced

----- with the champain head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild

Access

Access denied; and over head upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view-----

and then recollect that the author of this sublime vision had never seen a glimpse of any thing like what he has imagined, that his favourite ancients had dropped not a hint of such divine scenery, and that the conceits in Italian gardens, and Theobalds and Nonfuch, were the brightest originals that his memory could furnish. His intellectual eye saw a nobler plan, so little did he suffer by the loss of sight. It sufficed him to have seen the materials with which he could work. The vigour of a boundless imagination told him how a plan might be disposed, that would embellish nature, and restore art to its proper office, the just improvement or imitation of it.*

It is necessary that the concurrent testimony of the age should swear to posterity that the description above-quoted was written above half a century before the introduction of modern gardening, or our incredulous descendents will defraud the poet of half his glory, by being persuaded that he copied some garden or gardens he had seen---so minutely do his ideas correspond with the present standard. But what shall we say for that intervening half century who could read that plan and never attempt to put it in execution?

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Now

* Since the above was written, I have found Milton praised and Sir William Temple censured, on the same foundations, in a poem called, *The Rise and Progress of the present Taste in Planting*, printed in 1767.

Now let us turn to an admired writer, posterior to Milton, and see how cold, how insipid, how tasteless is his account of what he pronounced a perfect garden. I speak not of his style, which it was not necessary for him to animate with the colouring and glow of poetry. It is his want of ideas, of imagination, of taste, that I censure, when he dictated on a subject that is capable of all the graces that a knowledge of beautiful nature can bestow. Sir William Temple was an excellent man; Milton, a genius of the first order.

We cannot wonder that sir William declares in favour of parterres, fountains and statues, as necessary to break the sameness of large grass-plats, which he thinks have an ill effect upon the eye, when he acknowledges that he discovers fancy in the gardens of Alcinous. Milton studied the ancients with equal enthusiasm, but no bigotry, and had judgment to distinguish between the want of invention and the beauties of poetry. Compare his Paradise with Homer's garden, both ascribed to a celestial design. For sir William, it is just to observe, that his ideas centred in a fruit-garden. He had the honour of giving to his country many delicate fruits, and he thought of little else than disposing them to the best advantage. Here is the passage I proposed to quote; it is long, but I need not make an apology to the reader for entertaining him with any other words instead of my own.

“ The best figure of a garden is either a square or an oblong, and either upon a flat or a descent: they have all their beauties, but the best I esteem an oblong upon a descent. The beauty, the air, the view makes amends for the expence, which is very great in finishing
and

and supporting the terras-walks, in levelling the parterres, and in the stone-stairs that are necessary from one to the other.

“ The perfectest figure of a garden I ever saw, either at home or abroad, was that of Moor-park in Hertfordshire, when I knew it about thirty years ago. It was made by the countess of Bedford, esteemed among the greatest wits of her time, and celebrated by doctor Donne; and with very great care, excellent contrivance and much cost; but greater sums may be thrown away without effect or honour, if there want sense in proportion to money, or *if nature be not followed*, which I take to be the great rule in this, and perhaps in every thing else, as far as the conduct not only of our lives, but our governments.” [We shall see how *natural* that admired garden was.]

“ Because I take * the garden I have named to have been in all kinds the most beautiful and perfect, at least in the figure and disposition that I have ever seen, I will describe it for a model to those that meet with such a situation, and are above the regards of common expence. It lies on the side of a hill, upon which the house stands, but not very steep. The length of the house, where the best rooms and of most use or pleasure are, lies upon the breadth of the garden; the great parlour opens into the middle of a terras gravel-walk that lies even with it, and which may lie, as I remember, about three hundred paces long, and broad in proportion; the border set with standard laurels and at large distances, which have the beauty of

* This garden seems to have been made after the plan laid down by lord Bacon in his 46th essay, to which, that I may not multiply quotations, I will refer the reader.

of orange-trees out of flower and fruit. From this walk are three descents by many stone steps, in the middle and at each end, into a very large parterre. This is divided into quarters by gravel-walks, and adorned with two fountains and eight statues in the several quarters. At the end of the terras-walk are two summer-houses, and the sides of the parterre are ranged with two large cloisters open to the garden, upon arches of stone, and ending with two other summer-houses even with the cloisters, which are paved with stone, and designed for walks of shade, there being none other in the whole parterre. Over these two cloisters are two terrasses covered with lead and fenced with balusters; and the passage into these airy walks is out of the two summer-houses at the end of the first terras-walk. The cloister facing the south is covered with vines, and would have been proper for an orange-house, and the other for myrtles or other more common greens, and had, I doubt not, been cast for that purpose, if this piece of gardening had been then in as much vogue as it is now.

“ From the middle of this parterre is a descent by many steps flying on each side of a grotto that lies between them, covered with lead and flat, into the lower garden, which is all fruit-trees ranged about the several quarters of a wilderness which is very shady; the walks here are all green, the grotto embellished with figures of shell-rock-work, fountains, and water-works. If the hill had not ended with the lower garden, and the wall were not bounded by a common way that goes through the park, they might have added a third quarter of all greens; but this want is supplied by a garden on the other side the house, which is all of that sort, very wild, shady, and adorned with rough rock-work and fountains.

“ This

“ This was Moor-park, when I was acquainted with it, and the sweetest place, I think, that I have seen in my life, either before or since, at home or abroad.”----

I will make no farther remarks on this description. Any man might design and *build* as sweet a garden, who had been born in and never stirred out of Holbourn. It was not peculiar to sir William Temple to think in that manner. How many Frenchmen are there who have seen *our* gardens, and still prefer *natural* flights of steps and shady cloisters covered with lead! Le Nautre, the architect of the groves and grottoes at Versailles, came hither on a mission to improve our taste. He planted St. James's and Greenwich parks----no great monuments of his invention.

To do farther justice to sir William Temple, I must not omit what he adds. “ What I have said of the best forms of gardens, is meant only of such as are in some sort regular; for there may be other forms wholly irregular, that may, for aught I know, have more beauty than any of the others; but they must owe it to some extraordinary dispositions of nature in the seat, or *some great race of fancy or judgment in the contrivance*, which may reduce many disagreeing parts *into some figure*, which shall yet, upon the whole, be very agreeable. Something of this I have seen in some places, but heard more of it from others, who have lived much among the Chineses, a people whose way of thinking seems to lie as wide of ours in Europe, as their country does.----Their greatest reach of imagination is employed in contriving figures, where the beauty shall be great and strike the eye, but without any order or disposition of parts, that shall be commonly or easily observed. And though we

have hardly any notion of this sort of beauty, yet they have a particular word to express it; and where they find it hit their eye at first sight, they say the Sharawadgi is fine or is admirable, or any such expression of esteem----but I should hardly advise any of these attempts in the figure of gardens among us, they are adventures of too hard achievement for any common hands; and though there may be more honour if they succeed well, yet there is more dishonour if they fail, and it is twenty to one they will; whereas in regular figures, it is hard to make any great and remarkable faults."

Fortunately Kent and a few others were not quite so timid, or we might still be going up and down stairs in the open air.

It is true, we have heard much lately, as sir William Temple did, of irregularity and imitations of nature in the gardens or grounds of the Chinese. The former is certainly true; they are as whimsically irregular, as European gardens are formally uniform, and unvaried---but with regard to nature, it seems as much avoided, as in the squares and oblongs, and strait lines of our ancestors. An artificial perpendicular rock starting out of a flat plain, and connected with nothing, often pierced through in various places with oval hollows, has no more pretension to be deemed natural than a lineal terrace or a parterre. The late Mr. Joseph Spence, who had both taste and zeal for the present style, was so persuaded of the Chinese emperor's pleasure-ground being laid out on principles resembling ours, that he translated and published, under the name of sir Harry Beaumont, a particular account of that inclosure from the collection of the letters of the Jesuits. I have looked it over, and except a determined irregularity, can find nothing in it that gives me any idea of attention
being

being paid to nature. It is of vast circumference and contains 200 palaces, besides as many contiguous for the eunuchs, all gilt, painted and varnished. There are raised hills from 20 to 60 feet high, streams and lakes, and one of the latter five miles round. These waters are passed by bridges---but even their bridges must not be strait---they serpentine as much as the rivulets, and are sometimes so long as to be furnished with resting places, and begin and end with triumphal arches. Methinks a strait canal is as rational at least as a meandering bridge. The colonades undulate in the same manner. In short, this pretty gaudy scene is the work of caprice and whim; and when we reflect on their buildings, presents no image but that of unsubstantial tawdriness. Nor is this all. Within this fantastic Paradise is a square town, each side a mile long. Here the eunuchs of the court, to entertain his imperial majesty with the bustle and business of the capital in which he resides, but which it is not of his dignity ever to see, act merchants and all sorts of trades, and even designedly exercise for his royal amusement every art of knavery that is practiced under his auspicious government. Methinks this is the childish solace and repose of grandeur, not a retirement from affairs to the delights of rural life. Here too his majesty plays at agriculture; there is a quarter set apart for that purpose; the eunuchs sow, reap, and carry in their harvest in the imperial presence; and his majesty returns to Peking persuaded that he has been in the country.

Having thus cleared my way by ascertaining what have been the ideas on gardening in all ages, as far as we have materials to judge by, it remains to show to what degree Mr. Kent invented the new style, and what hints he had received to suggest and conduct his undertaking.

We

We have seen what Moor-park was, when pronounced a standard. But as no succeeding generation in an opulent and luxurious country contents itself with the perfection established by its ancestors, more perfect perfection was still sought; and improvements had gone on, till London and Wise had stocked our gardens with giants, animals, monsters,* coats of arms and mottoes in yew, box and holly. Absurdity could go no farther, and the tide turned. Bridgman, the next fashionable designer of gardens, was far more chaste; and whether from good sense, or that the nation had been struck and reformed by the admirable paper in the Guardian, N^o 173, he banished verdant sculpture, and did not even revert to the square precision of the foregoing age. He enlarged his plans, disdained to make every division tally to its opposite, and though he still adhered much to strait walks with high clipped hedges, they were only his great lines; the rest he diversified by wilderness, and with loose groves of oak, though still within surrounding hedges. I have observed in the garden † at Gubbins in Hertfordshire many detached thoughts, that strongly indicate the dawn of modern taste. As his reformation gained footing, he ventured farther, and in the royal garden at Richmond dared to introduce cultivated fields, and even morsels of a forest appearance,

* On the piers of a garden-gate not far from Paris I observed two very coquet sphinxes. These lady monsters had straw hats gracefully smart on one side of their heads, and silken cloaks half veiling their necks; all executed in stone.

† The seat of the late sir Jeremy Sambroke. It had formerly belonged to lady More, mother-in-law of sir Thomas More, and had been tyrannically wrenched from her by Henry VIII. on the execution of sir Thomas, though not her son, and though her jointure from a former husband.

appearance, by the sides of those endless and tiresome walks, that stretched out of one into another without intermission. But this was not till other innovators had broke loose too from rigid symmetry.

But the capital stroke, the leading step to all that has followed, was [I believe the first thought was Bridgman's] the destruction of walls for boundaries, and the invention of fossès---an attempt then deemed so astonishing, that the common people called them Ha! Ha's! to express their surprize at finding a sudden and unperceived check to their walk.

One of the first gardens planted in this simple though still formal style, was my father's at Houghton. It was laid out by Mr. Eyre, an imitator of Bridgman. It contains three-and-twenty acres, then reckoned a considerable portion.

I call a sunk fence the leading step, for these reasons. No sooner was this simple enchantment made, than levelling, mowing and rolling, followed. The contiguous ground of the park without the sunk fence was to be harmonized with the lawn within; and the garden in its turn was to be set free from its prim regularity, that it might assort with the wilder country without. The sunk fence ascertained the specific garden, but that it might not draw too obvious a line of distinction between the neat and the rude, the contiguous out-lying parts came to be included in a kind of general design: and when nature was taken into the plan, under improvements, every step that was made, pointed out new beauties and inspired new ideas. At that moment appeared Kent, painter enough to taste the charms of landscape, bold and opinionative enough to dare and to dictate, and born with a genius to strike out a great system from the twilight

of imperfect essays. He leaped the fence, and saw that all nature was a garden. He felt the delicious contrast of hill and valley changing imperceptibly into each other, tasted the beauty of the gentle swell, or concave scoop, and remarked how loose groves crowned an easy eminence with happy ornament, and while they called in the distant view between their graceful stems, removed and extended the perspective by delusive comparison.

Thus the pencil of his imagination bestowed all the arts of landscape on the scenes he handled. The great principles on which he worked were perspective, and light and shade. Groupes of trees broke too uniform or too extensive a lawn; evergreens and woods were opposed to the glare of the champain, and where the view was less fortunate, or so much exposed as to be beheld at once, he blotted out some parts by thick shades, to divide it into variety, or to make the richest scene more enchanting by reserving it to a farther advance of the spectator's step. Thus, selecting favourite objects, and veiling deformities by screens of plantation; sometimes allowing the rudest waste to add its foil to the richest theatre, he realized the compositions of the greatest masters in painting. Where objects were wanting to animate his horizon, his taste as an architect could bestow immediate termination. His buildings, his seats, his temples, were more the works of his pencil than of his compasses. We owe the restoration of Greece and the diffusion of architecture to his skill in landscape.

But of all the beauties he added to the face of this beautiful country, none surpassed his management of water. Adieu to canals, circular basins, and cascades tumbling down marble steps, that last absurd

lurd magnificence of Italian and French villas. The forced elevation of cataracts was no more. The gentle stream was taught to serpentine seemingly at its pleasure, and where discontinued by different levels, its course appeared to be concealed by thickets properly interspersed, and glittered again at a distance where it might be supposed naturally to arrive. Its borders were smoothed, but preserved their waving irregularity. A few trees scattered here and there on its edges sprinkled the tame bank that accompanied its mæanders; and when it disappeared among the hills, shades descending from the heights leaned towards its progress, and framed the distant point of light under which it was lost, as it turned aside to either hand of the blue horizon.

Thus dealing in none but the colours of nature, and catching its most favourable features, men saw a new creation opening before their eyes. The living landscape was chastened or polished, not transformed. Freedom was given to the forms of trees; they extended their branches unrestricted, and where any eminent oak, or master beech had escaped maiming and survived the forest, bush and bramble was removed, and all its honours were restored to distinguish and shade the plain. Where the united plumage of an ancient wood extended wide its undulating canopy, and stood venerable in its darkness, Kent thinned the foremost ranks, and left but so many detached and scattered trees, as softened the approach of gloom and blended a chequered light with the thus lengthened shadows of the remaining columns.

Succeeding artists have added new master-strokes to these touches; perhaps improved or brought to perfection some that I have named.

The

The introduction of foreign trees and plants, which we owe principally to Archibald duke of Argyle, contributed essentially to the richness of colouring so peculiar to our modern landscape. The mixture of various greens, the contrast of forms between our forest-trees and the northern and West-Indian firs and pines, are improvements more recent than Kent, or but little known to him. The weeping-willow and every florid shrub, each tree of delicate or bold leaf, are new tints in the composition of our gardens. The last century was certainly acquainted with many of those rare plants we now admire. The Weymouth-pine has long been naturalized here; the patriarch plant still exists at Longleat. The light and graceful acacia was known as early; witness those ancient stems in the court of Bedford-house in Bloomsbury-square; and in the bishop of London's garden at Fulham are many exotics of very ancient date. I doubt therefore whether the difficulty of preserving them in a clime so foreign to their nature did not convince our ancestors of their inutility in general, unless the shapeliness of the lime and horse-chestnut which accorded so well with established regularity, and which thence and from their novelty grew in fashion, did not occasion the neglect of the more curious plants.

But just as the encomiums are that I have bestowed on Kent's discoveries, he was neither without assistance or faults. Mr. Pope undoubtedly contributed to form his taste. The design of the prince of Wales's garden at Carlton-house was evidently borrowed from the poet's at Twickenham. There was a little of affected modesty in the latter, when he said of all his works he was most proud of his garden. And yet it was a singular effort of art and taste to impress
so

so much variety and scenery on a spot of five acres. The passing through the gloom from the grotto to the opening day, the retiring and again assembling shades, the dusky groves, the larger lawn, and the solemnity of the termination at the cypresses that lead up to his mother's tomb, are managed with exquisite judgment; and though lord Peterborough assisted him

To form his quincunx and to rank his vines,
those were not the most pleasing ingredients of his little perspective.

I do not know whether the disposition of the garden at Rousham, laid out for general Dormer, and in my opinion the most engaging of all Kent's works, was not planned on the model of Mr. Pope's, at least in the opening and retiring shades of Venus's vale. The whole is as elegant and antique as if the emperor Julian had selected the most pleasing solitude about Daphne to enjoy a philosophic retirement.

That Kent's ideas were but rarely great, was in some measure owing to the novelty of his art. It would have been difficult to have transported the style of gardening at once from a few acres to tumbling of forests: and though new fashions like new religions, [which are new fashions] often lead men to the most opposite excesses, it could not be the case in gardening, where the experiments would have been so expensive. Yet it is true too that the features in Kent's landscapes were seldom majestic. His clumps were puny, he aimed at immediate effect, and planted not for futurity. One sees no large woods sketched out by his direction. Nor are we yet entirely risen above a too great frequency of small clumps, especially in the elbows of serpentine rivers. How common to see three or four beeches, then as many larches, a third knot of cypresses, and a revolution of all

three! Kent's last designs were in a higher style, as his ideas opened on success. The north terras at Claremont was much superior to the rest of the garden.

A return of some particular thoughts was common to him with other painters, and made his *band* known. A small lake edged by a winding bank with scattered trees that led to a seat at the head of the pond, was common to Claremont, Esher, and others of his designs. At Esher,

Where Kent and nature vied for Pelham's love,
the prospects more than aided the painter's genius.---They marked out the points where his art was necessary or not; but thence left his judgment in possession of all its glory.

Having routed *professed* art, for the modern gardiner exerts his talents to conceal his art, Kent, like other reformers, knew not how to stop at the just limits. He had followed nature, and imitated her so happily, that he began to think all her works were equally proper for imitation. In Kensington-garden he planted dead trees, to give a greater air of truth to the scene---but he was soon laughed out of this excess. His ruling principle was, that *nature abhors a strait line*. ---His mimics, for every genius has his apes, seemed to think that she could love nothing but what was crooked. Yet so many men of taste of all ranks devoted themselves to the new improvements, that it is surprizing how much beauty has been struck out, with how few absurdities. Still in some lights the reformation seems to me to have been pushed too far. Though an avenue crossing a park or separating a lawn, and intercepting views from the seat to which it leads,
are

are capital faults, yet a great avenue * cut through woods, perhaps before entering a park, has a noble air, and

Like footmen running before coaches

To tell the inn what lord approaches,
announces the habitation of some man of distinction. In other places the total banishment of all particular neatness immediately about a house, which is frequently left gazing by itself in the middle of a park, is a defect. Sheltered and even close walks in so very uncertain a climate as ours, are comforts ill exchanged for the few picturesque days that we enjoy: and whenever a family can purloin a warm and even something of an old fashioned garden from the landscape designed for them by the undertaker in fashion, without interfering with the picture, they will find satisfactions on those days that do not invite strangers to come and see their improvements.

Fountains have with great reason been banished from gardens as unnatural; but it surprizes me that they have not been allotted to their proper positions, to cities, towns, and the courts of great houses, as proper accompaniments to architecture, and as works of grandeur in themselves. Their decorations admit the utmost invention, and when the waters are thrown up to different stages, and
tumble

* Of this kind one of the most noble is that of Stanstead, the seat of the earl of Halifax, traversing an ancient wood for two miles and bounded by the sea. The very extensive lawns at that seat, richly inclosed by venerable beech woods, and chequered by single beeches of vast size, particularly when you stand in the portico of the temple and survey the landscape that wastes itself in rivers of broken sea, recall such exact pictures of Claud Lorrain, that it is difficult to conceive that he did not paint them from this very spot.

tumble over their border, nothing has a more imposing or a more refreshing found. A palace demands its external graces and attributes, as much as a garden. Fountains and cypresses peculiarly become buildings, and no man can have been at Rome, and seen the vast basins of marble dashed with perpetual cascades in the area of St. Peter's, without retaining an idea of taste and splendor. Those in the piazza Navona are as useful as sublimely conceived.

Grottoes in this climate are recesses only to be looked at transiently. When they are regularly composed within of symmetry and architecture, as in Italy, they are only splendid improprieties. The most judiciously, indeed most fortunately placed grotto, is that at Stourhead, where the river bursts from the urn of its god, and passes on its course through the cave.

But it is not my business to lay down rules for gardens, but to give the history of them. A system of rules pushed to a great degree of refinement, and collected from the best examples and practice, has been lately given in a book intituled *Observations on modern Gardening*. The work is very ingeniously and carefully executed, and in point of utility rather exceeds than omits any necessary directions. The author will excuse me if I think it a little excess, when he examines that rude and unappropriated scene of Matlocke-bath, and criticizes nature for having bestowed on the rapid river Derwent too many cascades. How can this censure be brought home to gardening? The management of rocks is a province can fall to few directors of gardens; still in our distant provinces such a guide may be necessary.

The author divides his subject into gardens, parks, farms, and ridings. I do not mean to find fault with this division. Directions
are

Sir Henry Englefield was one of the first improvers on the new style, and selected with singular taste that chief beauty of all gardens, prospect and fortunate points of view. We tire of all the painter's art when it wants these finishing touches. The fairest scenes, that depend on themselves alone, weary when often seen. The Doric portico, the Palladian bridge, the Gothic ruin, the Chinese pagoda, that surprize the stranger, soon lose their charms to their surfeited master.

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master. The lake that floats the valley is still more lifeless, and its lord seldom enjoys his expence but when he shows it to a visitor. But the ornament whose merit soonest fades, is the hermitage or scene adapted to contemplation. It is almost comic to set aside a quarter of one's garden to be melancholy in. Prospect, animated prospect, is the theatre that will always be the most frequented. Prospects formerly were sacrificed to convenience and warmth. Thus Burleigh stands behind a hill, from the top of which it would command Stamford. Our ancestors who resided the greatest part of the year at their seats, as others did two years together or more, had an eye to comfort first, before expence. Their vast mansions received and harboured all the younger branches, the dowagers and ancient maiden aunts of the families, and other families visited them for a month together. The method of living is now totally changed, and yet the same superb palaces are still created, becoming a pompous solitude to the owner, and a transient entertainment to a few travellers.

If any incident abolishes or restrains the modern style of gardening, it will be this circumstance of solitariness. The greater the scene, the more distant it is probably from the capital; in the neighbourhood of which land is too dear to admit considerable extent of property. Men tire of expence that is obvious to few spectators. Still there is a more imminent danger that threatens the present, as it has ever done, all taste. I mean the pursuit of variety. A modern French writer has in a very affected phrase given a just account of this, I will call it, distemper. He says, *l'ennui du beau amene le gout du singulier*. The noble simplicity of the Augustan age was driven

driven out by false taste. The gigantic, the puerile, the quaint, and at last the barbarous, and the monkish, had each their successive admirers. Music has been improved, till it is a science of tricks and flight of hand: the sober greatness of Titian is lost, and painting since Carlo Maratti, has little more relief than Indian paper. Borromini twisted and curled architecture, as if it was subject to the change of fashions like a head of hair. If we once lose sight of the propriety of landscape in our gardens, we shall wander into all the fantastic sharawadgis of the Chinese. We have discovered the point of perfection. We have given the true model of gardening to the world; let other countries mimic or corrupt our taste; but let it reign here on its verdant throne, original by its elegant simplicity, and proud of no other art than that of softening nature's harshnesses and copying her graceful touch.

The ingenious author of the *Observations on modern Gardening* is, I think, too rigid when he condemns some deceptions, because they have been often used. If those deceptions, as a feigned steeple of a distant church, or an unreal bridge to disguise the termination of water, were intended only to surprise, they were indeed tricks that would not bear repetition; but being intended to improve the landscape, are no more to be condemned because common, than they would be if employed by a painter in the composition of a picture. Ought one man's garden to be deprived of a happy object, because that object has been employed by another? The more we exact novelty, the sooner our taste will be vitiated. Situations are every where so various, that there never can be a sameness, while the disposition of the ground is studied and followed, and every incident of view turned to advantage.

In

In the mean time how rich, how gay, how picturesque the face of the country! The demolition of walls laying open each improvement, every journey is made through a succession of pictures; and even where taste is wanting in the spot improved, the general view is embellished by variety. If no relapse to barbarism, formality, and seclusion, is made, what landscapes will dignify every quarter of our island, when the daily plantations that are making have attained venerable maturity! A specimen of what our gardens will be, may be seen at Petworth, where the portion of the park nearest the house has been allotted to the modern style. It is a garden of oaks two hundred years old. If there is a fault in so august a fragment of improved nature, it is, that the size of the trees are out of all proportion to the shrubs and accompaniments. In truth, shrubs should not only be reserved for particular spots and home delight, but are passed their beauty in less than twenty years.

Enough has been done to establish such a school of landscape, as cannot be found on the rest of the globe. If we have the seeds of a Claud or a Gaspar amongst us, he must come forth. If wood, water, groves, vallies, glades, can inspire or poet or painter, this is the country, this is the age to produce them. The flocks, the herds, that now are admitted into, now graze on the borders of our cultivated plains, are ready before the painter's eyes, and groupe themselves to animate his picture. One misfortune in truth there is that throws a difficulty on the artist. A principal beauty in our gardens is the lawn and smoothness of turf: in a picture it becomes a dead and uniform spot, incapable of chiaro scuro, and to be broken insipidly by children, dogs, and other unmeaning figures.

Since

Since we have been familiarized to the study of landscape, we hear less of what delighted our sportsmen-ancestors, *a fine open country*. Wiltshire, Dorsetshire, and such ocean-like extents were formerly preferred to the rich blue prospects of Kent, to the Thames-watered views in Berkshire, and to the magnificent scale of nature in Yorkshire. An open country is but a canvas on which a landscape might be designed.

It was fortunate for the country and Mr. Kent, that he was succeeded by a very able master ; and did living artists come within my plan, I should be glad to do justice to Mr. Brown ; but he may be a gainer, by being reserved for some abler pen.

In general it is probably true, that the possessor, if he has any taste, must be the best designer of his own improvements. He sees his situation in all seasons of the year, at all times of the day. He knows where beauty will not clash with convenience, and observes in his silent walks or accidental rides a thousand hints that must escape a person who in a few days sketches out a pretty picture, but has not had leisure to examine the details and relations of every part.

Truth, which after the opposition given to most revolutions, preponderates at last, will probably not carry our style of garden into general use on the continent. The expence is only suited to the opulence of a free country, where emulation reigns among many independent particulars. The keeping of our grounds is an obstacle, as well as the cost of the first formation. A flat country, like Holland, is incapable of landscape. In France and Italy the nobility do not reside much, and make small expence at their villas. I should think the little princes of Germany, who spare no profusion on their pa-

laces and country-houses, most likely to be our imitators; especially as their country and climate bears in many parts resemblance to ours. In France, and still less in Italy, they could with difficulty attain that verdure which the humidity of our climate bestows as the ground-work of our improvements. As great an obstacle in France is the embargo laid on the growth of their trees. As after a certain age, when they would rise to bulk, they are liable to be marked by the crown's surveyors as royal timber, it is a curiosity to see an old tree. A landscape and a crown-surveyor are incompatible.

I have thus brought down to the conclusion of the last reign [the period I had marked to this work] the history of our arts and artists, from the earliest æra in which we can be said to have had either. Though there have been only gleams of light and flashes of genius, rather than progressive improvements, or flourishing schools; the inequality and insufficiency of the execution, have flowed more from my own defects than from those of the subject. The merits of the work, if it has any, are owing to the indefatigable industry of Mr. Vertue, in amassing all possible materials. As my task is finished, it will, I hope, at least excite others to collect and preserve notices and anecdotes for some future continuator. The æra promises to furnish a nobler harvest. Our exhibitions, and the institution of a royal academy, excite emulation in the artists, diffuse their reputation, and recommend them to employment. The public examines and reasons on their works, and spectators by degrees become judges. Nor are persons of the first rank meer patrons. Lord Nuneham's etchings are superior in boldness and freedom of stroke to any thing we have seen from established artists. Gardening and architecture

owe

owe as much to the nobility and to men of fortune as to the professors. I need but name general Conway's rustic bridge at Park-place, of which every stone was placed by his own direction in one of the most beautiful scenes in nature; and the theatric staircase designed and just erected by Mr. Chute, at his seat of the Vine in Hampshire. If a model is sought of the most perfect taste in architecture, where grace softens dignity, and lightness attempers magnificence; where proportion removes every part from peculiar observation, and delicacy of execution recalls every part to notice; where the position is the most happy, and even the colour of the stone the most harmonious; the virtuoso should be directed to the new * front of Wentworth-castle: the result of the same elegant judgment that had before distributed so many beauties over that domain, and called from wood, water, hills, prospects and buildings, a compendium of picturesque nature, improved by the chastity of art. Such an æra will demand a better historian. With pleasure therefore I resign my pen; presuming to recommend nothing to my successor, but to observe as strict impartiality.

* The old front, still extant, was erected by Thomas Wentworth late earl of Strafford; the new one was entirely designed by the present earl William himself.

August 2, 1770.

F I N I S.

ERRATA.

Page 31, line 19, for, *Northamptonshire*, read, *Nottinghamshire*. P. 76, line the last, insert, *in*, before *the pool of Bethesda*. P. 80, line 13, for, *most them*, read, *most of them*. P. 83, line 17, for, *parly*, read *partly*. P. 90, line 3, after *Miniature*, add, *Statuaries and Medallists*. P. 111, line 3, for, *lady Dorothy Tuston*, read, *lady Dorothy Saville*. P. 112, l. 8, for, *sir John Wentworth*, read, *sir William Wentworth*. P. 129, last line of the note, dele one of the words *in*, before 1767.



A P P E N D I X.

PRINTS by or after HOGARTH,

Discovered since the Catalogue was finished.

W. HOGARTH, engraver, with two figures and two cupids,
• April 28, 1720.

People in a shop, under the king's arms: Mary and Ann Hogarth. A shop-bill.

Small oval print for the Rape of the Lock.

An emblematic print representing agriculture and arts. Seems to be a ticket for some society.

A coat of arms, with two slaves and trophies. Plate for books.

A foreign coat of arms, supporters a savage and angel. Ditto.

A grifon with a flag. A crest.

Another coat of arms, and two boys as terms.

A Turk's head. A shop-bill.

A small angel, almost the same as N^o 5, class 1.

Another, almost the same as N^o 8, class 1, but with a view of the Foundling hospital.

Lord Aylmer's coat of arms.

Two ditto of the duchess of Kendal.

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[Qq]

A shop

A P P E N D I X.

A shop-bill, representing trade and arms of Florence.

Five Muscovites. Small plate for a book of travels.

A ticket for the benefit of Milward, the tragedian.

A ticket for a burial.

The Pool of Bethesda; large, by Ravenet and Picot.

The good Samaritan; ditto, by Ravenet and Delatre.

Orator Henley christening a child. Mezzotinto.

Capt. Coram and the children of the Foundling hospital. A ticket.

The sleeping Judges, (as in N^o 56, class 3, but) with heads after L. da Vinci.

A large oval coat of arms, with terms of the four seasons.

Mr. Huggins, with a bust of Ariosto. Small round.

Twelve head-pieces for Beavers's Military Punishments of the Ancients; but scarce any copies have these plates.

Frontispiece to a pamphlet against the Hutchinsonians, never published. It represents a witch sitting on the moon, and watering on a mountain, whence issue mice who are devouring Sir Isaac Newton's Optics: one mouse lies dead on Hutchinson's works, probably to imply being choaked. The conundrum signifies, Front-is-piss.

Print of the weighing-house to Club's Physiognomy; a humorous pamphlet in quarto, published in 1763, and dedicated to Hogarth.

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